The Relief Society Magazine

34 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741: Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 10 OCTOBER 1947

PRAYER OF A PIPE ORGAN

Julia Nelson

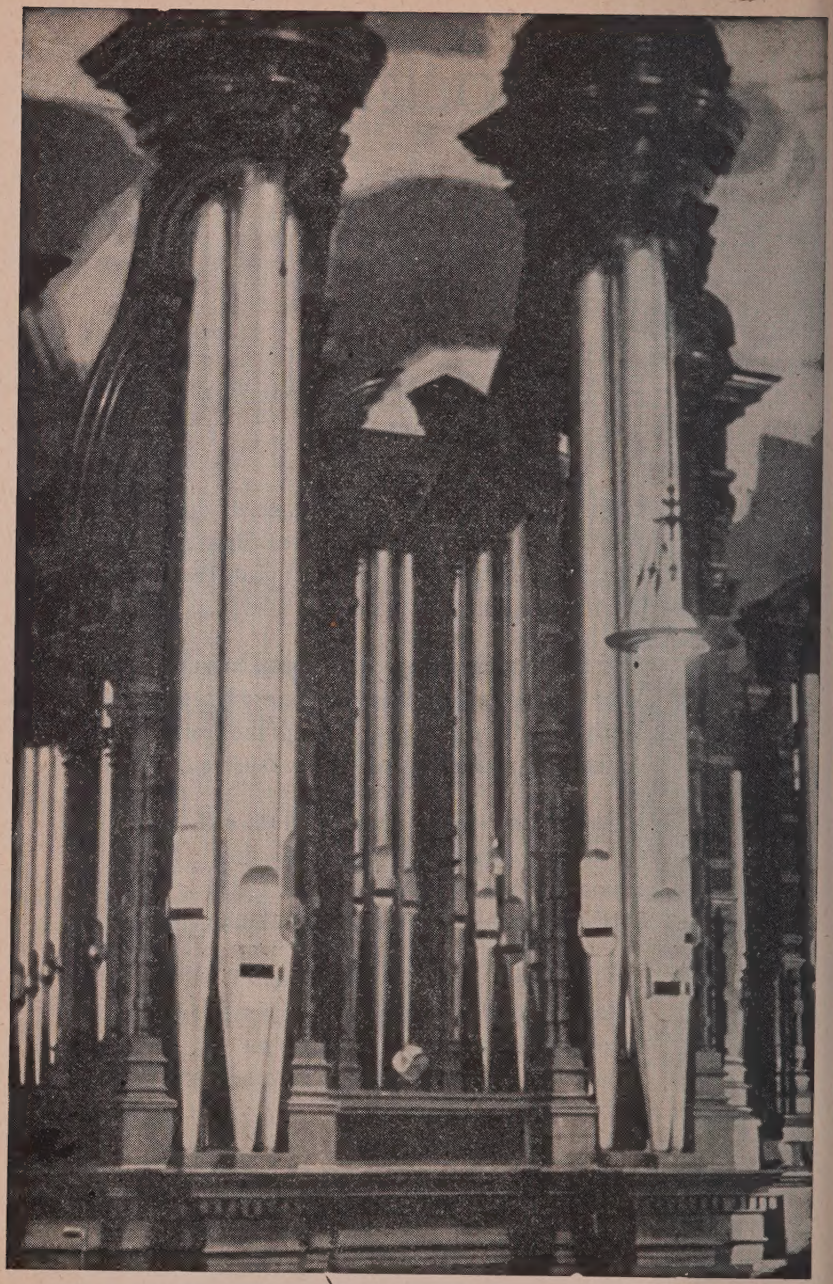
Lord, I have breathed into still, tapered gloom,
And light, unmasking muffled, weak despair,
Has touched a wordless thought, a mute desire
That soared, in purest harmony, to prayer;

And I have rung white bells of sound to some
Who walked in joy, perfecting their rich peace
With music's benediction; through the years,
An echoing comfort stayed, when rapture ceased.

My chords are vibrant underneath the roll
Of surging voices; when a thousand sing,
I bear their last and holiest amen
To thee . . . . an organ's reverent whispering.

Lord, I am but an instrument, a frame,
Cold hollow veins, mere wood and bone and steel;
In all thy gifts to man, save yet for me
This glorious power to show what others feel.

The Cover: "The Manti Temple," Photograph by Grace T. Kirton.



Photograph by Willard Luce

CENTER PIPES OF THE TABERNACLE ORGAN
L. D. S. Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah

Seventy-fifth Birthday Year

Rosannah Cannon Irvine

Former Member, Relief Society General Board

(On June 1, 1947, the woman's periodical of the Church marked its seventy-fifth birthday, known as *The Woman's Exponent* until 1914 and thereafter called *The Relief Society Magazine*.—Ed.)

"WHO can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies . . . She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . . . Strength and honour are her clothing . . . . Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

It is probable that the Prophet Joseph Smith was familiar with these passages from Proverbs. And it is more than likely that he had listened to the quietly insistent voices of the wives and mothers in the Church seeking an opportunity to share, in greater measure, the burdens and responsibilities of the organization of which they were members. Whatever the cause may have been, no one has ever doubted the wisdom and inspiration of the founding of the "Female Relief Society of Nauvoo" as a potent, working auxiliary to the Priesthood. In time this name was changed to the "Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Thirty years later, the need of this organization for an official medium to transmit instructions, news, and other matters of interest to the women of the Church became apparent. In this, as in so many other ways, Mormon women were leaders in progressive movements. It was then that the *Woman's Exponent* came into existence. It was the second woman's paper west of the Mississippi.

Almost isolated from the rest of the world, having few of the modern means of communication, it is remarkable how this little sheet kept abreast of the times. Besides reports and instructions, there were items of special interest, bits of local, national, and international news, household suggestions, home economics, training of children, hints on beauty, fashions, and good manners, poetry, humor. Wit, philosophy, and wisdom were in its contents, and, with it all, the charm and impressiveness of good literature. And there were advertisements of local products, even in those early issues of the *Exponent*. These attracted much attention. Many of them were amusing, and often the items advertised seemed so intriguing that one could wish they were on the market today. This co-operation with the merchants was a financial aid to the infant periodical, and helped to popularize the *Exponent* as well as the goods advertised.

To the retrospective mind, reading the old volumes of the *Woman's Exponent* is an inspiration and a delight. To those who haven't access to the old volumes, there is a page of excerpts from the original numbers in the current *Magazines*. These give a fascinating insight into the intellectual activity and courage

LULA GREENE RICHARDS 1872-1877 EMMELINE B. WELLS 1877-1914 SUSA YOUNG GATES 1914-1922

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH

of the early writers who twice monthly published this miniature newspaper.

The following excerpts are representative:

As we enter upon the rugged pathway of life, glowing with health and anticipation, what a bewildering panorama opens up before our eyes.

To talk well and just enough is wisdom, an accomplishment possessed by few.

Utah, in its Female Relief Societies, has the best trained benevolent institution of the age. Yet but little is known of the self-sacrificing labors of these Societies. In the *Woman's Exponent*, a department will be devoted to reports of their meetings and other matters of interest connected with their workings.

Who are so able to speak for the women of Utah as the women themselves? It is better to represent ourselves than to be misrepresented by others.

THE first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, Mrs. Lula Greene Richards, was a poet, with a gentle, poetic soul. It must have required almost superhuman heroism and faith on her part to accept such a position of trust and responsibility as editor of this new periodical representing the women of her Church. It was a startling and almost unheard of adventure. Those who knew Mrs. Richards can readily understand the valorous character which lead her to accept the assignment. Contending with her inherent desire to yield obedience to any call from the Authorities, was her natural disposition, youth (she was only twenty-three), inexperience, humility, and innate modesty. Soon after accepting the commission, she was married; and after five years as editor she had to resign because of increasing family cares.

Mrs. Richards was succeeded by Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, who had been her assistant for two years. Mrs. Wells was also a poet, a woman of exceptional intelligence, with a strong and pleasing personality. She was known, not only throughout America but also in Europe, for her rare ability, her culture, and her

strong support of women's rights. One very interesting point in her career was that President Woodrow Wilson called to see her when he was in Salt Lake City. "Aunt Em," as she was affectionately called by friends and acquaintances, was as stalwart in spirit as she was fragile in appearance. As assistant and editor, Mrs. Wells was connected with the *Exponent* thirty-nine years. At the end of that time the publication of the *Woman's Exponent* was discontinued.

When the pioneer magazine ceased publication, there came into being a small pamphlet called the "Relief Society Bulletin." There were twelve issues of this, and, in it, outlined lessons for use in the ward Societies were printed. At the end of the year, the larger, more complete *Relief Society Magazine* was started.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a daughter of President Young, was appointed the new editor. She was very much like her father, forceful and capable. She had his quality of mind in leadership and clear, progressive thinking. Many outstanding changes were made in the policies of the General Board while she was a member of that body. With her gift for writing, and her experience as former editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*, she brought to the Relief Society publication a strength and vigor characteristic of her nature. In her first editorial, Mrs. Gates announced the ideals of the *Magazine*: ". . . . . we would make of this *Magazine* a beacon light of hope, beauty, and charity."

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, who was largely responsible for the scheduled lessons, did the editorial work for one year following the resignation of Sister Gates. Since her labors along other lines were so heavy, however, she was not named as editor.

ERUDITE Miss Alice Louise Reynolds, professor of literature at the Brigham Young University, well beloved by those who knew her best,

ALICE L. REYNOLDS 1923-1930 MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL 1930-1937

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH

BELLE S. SPAFFORD
1937-1945

MARIANNE C. SHARP
1945—

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH

followed Sister Gates as editor. She made a unique and valuable contribution to the General Board as well as to the *Magazine*. Her editorials were scintillating, illuminating, and informative. She was an ardent student of world affairs and a great traveler. Her mental hunger was as acute as the distress induced by physical starvation. Twelve months of the seven and one half years she was editor, she spent in Europe. In that time she sent to the *Magazine* each month an article on world affairs, interesting and educational.

During the time of Miss Reynold's absence in Europe, sweet, gracious, artistic Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans assumed the duties of editor.

When Miss Reynolds resigned as editor to devote her entire time to teaching in the Brigham Young University, Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball became editor. Able, experienced, kindly Mrs. Kimball justified the expectations of her multitude of friends and associates.

Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, who is now the General President of the Relief Society, followed Mrs. Kimball. Young and clever, trained under the tutelage of her predecessor, she filled the position with tact and ability, until called to her present high place.

The present editor is Mrs. Marianne Clark Sharp. Combined with her own intelligence and individuality, she has inherited many of the good qualities of her parents; vitality and forcefulness from her father, gentility and sweetness from her mother. With these endowments, she cannot fail in making a success of her work.

Through seventy-five years of its life, the Relief Society organ has affected the results—the hopes, the faith, and the vision—of its originators. It has evolved from the humble but valiant first issue of the *Woman's Exponent* to the compact, modern, enterprising *Magazine* of today. In keeping with the Latter-day Saint belief in eternal progression, some new features are constantly being added.

It would be a difficult matter to separate the editorial work from the policies of the General Board. While each editor has put into her work much of her own personality, she has adhered strictly to the spirit of the Society. The editors, with the exception of Mrs. Richards, have all been General Board members. Being the official mouthpiece of the General Board, this priceless journal has expounded the decisions and policies of that body for the benefit of its readers, keeping them in keen awareness of the workings of the heads of their Society.

AMONG the many progressive ideas put into effect by the General Board in their weekly meetings, the following two are worthy of note in connection with this article and its subject. As in the beginning, when the *Exponent* published much excellent poetry and special articles, through the years encouragement has been given to writers to contribute to the publication. Many new writers, with this opportunity, have developed embryonic talents and an appreciation for good literature. To further this valuable design, yearly prize poetry contests and short story contests have been added. These competitions afford an incentive to all Latter-day Saint girls and women to develop their powers of expressing their thoughts and emotions. The contests have a tendency to develop mental energy and ambition, and have resulted in bringing forth many poems and stories of real merit which have been published in the *Magazine*.

Through the years, the women's publication has been guided and directed by the General Presidents of Relief Society. They have met and advised with the editors constantly concerning the broad policies of the *Magazine* and lent their wisdom to necessary decisions.

There is no truer saying than that, "The old order changeth." And while the present *Magazine* is vastly different from the *Woman's Exponent*, the high standards of the original have been maintained. But in many respects it has kept pace with its three quarters of a century age, its editors believing that "Where there is no vision the people perish."

So now in its seventy-fifth birthday year, the official organ of the women of the Church is carrying on the work, progressing with the times, constantly seeing visions of future advancement, and still sustaining the ideals of its inception. It is a living, vital medium of inspiration and guidance to Latter-day Saint women throughout the world, a magazine of which every Relief Society woman, and in fact every Church member, has reason to be justly proud.

VIGNETTE OF OCTOBER

Ruby Baird Andersen

October shouts of scarlet hills,
And purple canyon walls,
And ochre carpets under trees
Where lavish glory falls.

Utah Entertains the Governors

Edith S. Elliott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE State of Utah was honored with the privilege of acting as host for the annual governors' convention, July 14, 15, and 16 this Centennial year of 1947. The general business program was outlined by convention officials in Chicago, but to arrange for the social events of the conference, Governor Herbert B. Maw appointed his wife, Mrs. Florence B. Maw as general chairman, with the following women as committee members: Mrs. R. B. Maw, Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart, Mrs. E. E. Ericksen, Mrs. George O. Elliott, and Mrs. Gus P. Backman.

To the convention came the largest group of governors ever assembled in one of their conferences. There were representatives from forty-six states, plus the governors of the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. In many instances, along with the governors came their wives and children, aides, secretaries, relatives, friends and the press.

On Sunday evening, July 13, the governors and their parties were guests of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in a specially conducted tour of Temple Square. The friendly and efficient guides gave interesting information about the buildings and monuments and explained, briefly, Latter-day Saint doctrines. The guests seemed extremely interested, so much so, that many expressed appreciation for the experience and asked further questions concerning the Church during their stay in the city.

A religious service and concert sponsored by the Tabernacle Choir followed the tour of the Square. The governors' group occupied a section of seats in the center of the Tabernacle. Elder Lester F. Hewlett, as president of the Tabernacle Choir, served as chairman of the evening's service. Introductory remarks were made by Elder Richard L. Evans. The opening prayer was offered by President David O. McKay. A speech of welcome on behalf of the State of Utah was given by Governor Herbert B. Maw. President George Albert Smith then greeted the visitors on behalf of the Church, welcoming them to the Tabernacle and relating incidents relative to the Centennial. The Choir performed magnificently under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall, with Alexander Schreiner at the console of the great organ. Miss Helen Traubel, Metropolitan soprano, was guest artist. To share a talent with others is a gracious act, and Miss Traubel did this with charm and friendliness. Her wonderful voice was appreciated by the many thousands assembled.

Following the concert, the governors' groups and invited guests attended a formal reception given by Governor and Mrs. Maw at the Executive Mansion on East South Temple Street. This reception was the first social function of the convention. Governor and Mrs. Maw's hospitality and personal interest in

each guest set the keynote for the days ahead.

Programs were arranged for the children who had accompanied their parents. On Monday they were taken to the beautiful country homes of Mrs. Charles Allen and Mrs. R. W. Madsen in Cottonwood, where they enjoyed swimming in the crystal clear pools and a barbecue supper.

Tuesday, the young folks were carried by bus into one of the nearby canyons for play and a picnic lunch. Wednesday, all of the children were again put into a bus and whisked out to Great Salt Lake where they enjoyed the uniqueness of a briny swim, a trip on a sailboat, and tasty refreshments.

MONDAY morning in the Lafayette ballroom of the Hotel Utah, the business sessions of the governors' convention began.

At noon, twelve hostesses, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Gus P. Backman, met the wives of the governors in the Hotel Utah lobby and took them by automobile to the Salt Lake Country Club for lunch. Here, at the foot of the rugged Wasatch mountains, the "first ladies" had their first "just ladies" party. The decorations were fuchsia gladioli. At each place, as a favor, was a rose pink ceramic lily.

Mrs. Maw gave the welcoming speech with her usual charm of manner and gracious dignity. Each governor's wife was invited to introduce herself and tell some interesting, personal incident. Good, wholesome fun was the result, and a spirit of friendliness prevailed. The "Evans Sisters" furnished the music, which included a string quartet interspersed with vocal solos and duets.

On the way back to the Hotel Utah, which was the Salt Lake City home for most of the visitors, a tour was made of Liberty Park, the University of Utah campus, and the State Capitol building.

At the Capitol, Mrs. C. Rosanne Gibbs displayed the "National Tapestry" which she has been sixteen years in assembling. The wife of each state governor has contributed a hand embroidered block, representative of her state, to make up this interesting project. Mrs. Henry Blood, wife of former Governor Blood, contributed the Utah block. The permanent home for the "Tapestry" will be the National Museum in Washington, D.C.

Monday evening the formal state dinner was held at the Hotel Utah. Tables were set in the Lafayette and Junior ballrooms, and on the mezzanine floor. State flags were the central theme for decorations. Mrs. Maw and the wives of the governors were seated immediately in front of the double row of speakers' tables. Each one wore orchids—a gift from the State of Utah. Invited guests found their places at the tables according to a printed seating plan.

At a given moment the governors marched in and took their places at the speakers' tables. It was very impressive to see so many of the executive leaders of the states thus assembled.

Following the banquet, the tables were cleared away and chairs were arranged to allow the 600 guests to hear the specially prepared program. Host Governor Herbert B. Maw introduced each governor, in turn, to the invited guests, and told something interesting about each one. (Each governor was seated according to

Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

GOVERNORS' LADIES IN FRONT OF FAMOUS "NATIONAL TAPESTRY"
Utah State Capitol, July 14, 1947

Left to right: Mrs. Earl Warren of California; Mrs. Ernest Gruening of Alaska; Mrs. Millard F. Caldwell of Florida; Mrs. Herbert B. Maw of Utah.

the sequence of his state's admission to the Union.) As each governor stood, his wife was invited to stand also, and both received welcoming applause from the audience. At the close of the introductions, Governor Maw asked his own lovely wife to stand, who was greeted with acclaim.

Governor Millard F. Caldwell of Florida, chairman of the convention, made a few introductory remarks and introduced the speaker of the evening, Secretary of State George C. Marshall, who gave a brief resume of present world problems.

TUESDAY morning before the business meeting began, gifts from the State of Utah were delivered to each governor. One of the gifts was a beautiful white virgin wool blanket bound with white satin and made of Utah wool. The second gift was a copper tray, made of Utah copper, designed by Rondo Hoglund and purchased at the Mormon Handicraft Gift Shop.

During the noon hour, the "first ladies" attended the organ recital in the Tabernacle and heard Elder Alexander Schreiner play a program in their honor. In addition to the regular classical numbers and the typical Latter-day Saint hymns, he played a medley of state melodies which were appreciated by the listeners.

Luncheon at the Lion House, one of President Brigham Young's homes, was next on the agenda. Mrs. E. E. Ericksen served as chairman of the novel affair, and was assisted by several hostesses, among them the women presidents of the auxiliaries of the Church.

I repeat, it was a novel affair, because an old-fashioned theme was

carried out. The ladies were received in the parlors and then escorted upstairs to the large front room where Mrs. Maw gave a speech of welcome. There, they were fascinated to see the tables set as they used to be in pioneer times. Prairie and desert flowers with small cat's-tails, yarrow, sagebrush, and milkweed served as centerpieces. Spaced along the tables were antique caster sets. The dinner plates were turned upside down over the knives and forks, with the folded napkins on top, and the spoons were placed in spoon dishes along the tables.

Relief Society President Belle S. Spafford asked the blessing on the food. The food for the entire luncheon was already on the table, steaming hot, in large bowls and platters. Each lady was invited to help herself and then pass the food on to her neighbor.

And oh, what a menu! Creamed chicken and rice, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad, cole slaw, sliced tomatoes, pickled beets, corn on the cob, hot cinnamon rolls, "honest to goodness" old-fashioned lemonade, and layer cakes filled with jelly, covered with whipped cream, and placed high on quaint, glass-footed cake stands spaced down the length of the tables. The favors at each place were figurines of an adorable pioneer woman, designed by Marjorie Petersen, who explained, in a little talk, that the figure was that of her grandmother.

A musical program was given by four ladies dressed in picturesque pioneer costumes, calling themselves the "Singing Grandmothers." They sang sweet old songs that caught the interest of all.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, the governors arrived in time for a

Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

PIONEER LUNCHEON AT THE LION HOUSE
July 15, 1947

Admiring the pioneer figurines, left to right: Mrs. Charles A. Robins of Idaho; Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey of New York; Mrs. Herbert B. Maw of Utah; Mrs. E. E. Ericksen, Chairman, Lion House Luncheon.

tour of the Lion House. After being served lemonade and cookies, they, with their wives, enjoyed the life story of the great colonizer and leader, and events which took place in the Lion House, as related by Rehan Spencer West and her sister, Jean Spencer Farr, both granddaughters of President Brigham Young, who acted as guides through the historic old building.

Walking next door to the Church Office building, the distinguished group was received by President George Albert Smith and his two counselors, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay, in the beautiful walnut and marble office in the north end of the building. After a short, friendly visit, the group was shown through the building, which had been attractively decorated with garden flowers by Mrs. Lillie C. Adams of the Relief Society General Board.

Following a very short rest, the visiting delegation, seated in open, convertible automobiles, took part in a "Parade of the Governors" through downtown Salt Lake City, then south and east to the home of President George Albert Smith at 1302 Yale Avenue, for a garden supper.

Early in the year when President Smith learned, for a certainty, that the convention was coming to Utah, he sent a letter to Governor Maw inviting the guests to his home for dinner during their stay in Salt Lake City. He asked his two daughters and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. George O. Elliott, to plan the entertainment and remarked, "Our home isn't a palace such as some of the guests are used to, but it is clean, comfortable, and attractive, and the garden large and beautiful. The governors can go no place where they will be more genuinely welcome than in my humble home and its pleasant surroundings."

And so, to the home of the President of the Church came the executives of the states and territories of the United States of America. President Smith's garden is informal and charming. There are spacious lawns set with flower beds or scalloped at the edges to permit shrub and flower borders. Large shade and ornamental trees invite rest and observation. Flowers of every color and kind vie with each other for prominence. Comfortable garden furniture is grouped in the shade of trees, on lawns and terraces, and along the cool banks of the spring-fed creek. Paths leading down into the canyon retreat are bordered with scrub oak, iris, myrtle, Oregon grape, and wild lilies of the valley.

"The Parade of the Governors" stopped in front of President Smith's home. The guests were met by a group of hosts and hostesses, relatives and close friends of the President and his family, and were shown through an opening in the huge sweetbrier rose hedge into a charming old-fashioned garden. Here, beneath a beautiful English walnut tree, stood President Smith and his two daughters and their husbands, to extend a hearty welcome to the governors and their parties.

Host couples then directed the guests to the buffet tables. There were three of them, each thirty feet long, decorated with large, shiny South Sea Island leaves. The tables were a picture of beauty, laden with exquisitely arranged viands. Under

Sego Lilies

Like manna,
Sego Lilies proved to be
God given, in extremity.
Thrice blessed,
They served a triple good:
The bloom, to lift
men's souls,
The root, for food,
The surety, that God
foreseeing need
Stretched forth His hand
And scattered lily seed.

Vilate Raile

STATE FLOWER OF UTAH

A copy of this beautiful envelope containing sego lily seeds and painted in natural colors by Mary Moorehead, was presented to each guest at President Smith's reception. The poem is by Vilate Raile.

the direction of Guy Toombes, manager of the Hotel Utah, Arnold and his efficient helpers had charge of tables and catering. The three-foot, stuffed, whole salmon was an eye catcher, as were the roast turkeys, baked hams, salads, relishes, olives, and celery curls, chilling in scooped-out blocks of ice; hot orange bread rolls, and individual lemon chiffon pies. Fruit punch was served from smaller tables placed throughout the garden. The guests were seated at tables or were free to wander through the house and garden as they ate. Musical numbers were rendered by a quartet of young men who sang as they strolled about the garden.

Typical of President Smith's love for "scouting," he invited a patrol of scouts from his own ward to keep a bonfire burning down by the creek. The fire added cheer and warmth where the chilly air, rising from the water, calls for a bit of tempering even during the hot months of July and August.

It had been the hope of the general committee that the governors could see a preview of the successful music drama "Promised Valley," but rehearsals and costuming were not far enough along to make this possible. So, as a "teaser," Dr. Lorin F. Wheelwright brought the chorus over, and they sang several of the popular numbers from the operetta. The guests were delighted with the sample and expressed regret at not being able to stay and see the finished production.

Inasmuch as President Smith's party was a garden party, favors of beautifully packaged sego lily seeds were given each guest to take home and plant in his or her garden as a memento of the visit to the State of Utah. Miss Mary Moorehead furnished the painting of Utah's State flower, and Mrs. Vilate S. Raile, the poem, which were engraved on the front of the packets. Along with the lily-seed favors were given boxes of Cummings Studio chocolates by young girls dressed in bouffant garden formals. Added to all this beauty was the fairylike effect of flood lights—and the result was a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

When the program was completed, the governors' parties were invited to re-enter their convertibles and were taken to the Centennial Exposition grounds for further entertainment.

THE last session of the conference convened Wednesday morning, when the governors again assembled in the Lafayette ballroom.

At noon, the ladies of the conference were taken to Pinecrest, in Emigration Canyon, for luncheon. The chairman for the affair was Mrs. Raymond B. Maw. She was assisted by several hostesses. On the way to the canyon, the cars took the route past the "This Is the Place" monument. This remarkable piece of sculpture was greatly admired by the ladies. At Pinecrest Inn, the tables in the dining room were decorated with covered wagons, sagebrush, and wild mountain flowers. Favors at each guest's place were little ceramic-covered wagons.

Mrs. Maw spoke a few words of welcome, after which a delicious luncheon was served.

Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack rose as the meal ended and told several humorous pioneer stories. Miss Becky Almond and Mrs. Virginia Freeze

Barker gave a musical skit about pioneer hats.

The governors' wives enjoyed the cool of the canyon after the heat of the city. It seemed that even Mother Nature was eager to lend her talents to the occasion, because she sent a thunder shower, punctuated with flashes of lightning, for real mountain atmosphere. When it was time to leave for the city, however, the sun came out and the ride down the canyon was delightful.

The last official party for the governors' groups was a Wednesday night dinner dance given by the Sons of the American Revolution at Hotel Utah's Starlite Gardens. The scenic outlook, alone, from the hotel roof, makes any occasion a success.

Dr. John Z. Brown, Chapter President of the Utah S.A.R., greeted the guests. Mr. Harold Fabian was toastmaster. Responses were made by Governor Herbert B. Maw and convention chairman Governor Millard F. Caldwell of Florida. Governor Caldwell expressed appreciaton for Utah hospitality and thanked all those who had made the convention an outstanding success in every way. He announced that the chairman for the next annual convention would be Governor Horace A. Hildreth of Maine.

There was a deep note of sincerity in the thanks that accompanied the goodbyes and good wishes from the visitors to their Utah hosts, as a most successful convention came to a close.

Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND DAUGHTERS GREET STATE EXECUTIVES

At President Smith's home, July 15, 1947

Governor William Preston Lane, Jr. of Maryland shakes hands with President Smith. The President's two daughters, Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart and Mrs. George O. Elliott, stand in the receiving line.

Vesta P. Crawford Appointed Associate Editor of The Relief Society Magazine

Marianne C. Sharp
First Counselor, General Presidency of Relief Society

THE General Presidency of Relief Society is pleased to announce, as of October 1, 1947, the appointment of Vesta Pierce Crawford as associate editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Sister Crawford has served as editorial secretary for the past two years. During that time, she has exhibited a keen interest and competency in all phases of editorial work.

Vesta is richly endowed with creative powers as a writer of both poetry and prose. It was a happy discovery to find that these gifts were combined with a capacity for hard, methodical work and a care for details — a combination but rarely joined.

Vesta has manifested her love of the gospel by her willingness to serve in Church auxiliaries in different capacities.

She is the daughter of Sylvester Pierce, a rancher of Gunnison, Utah, and the late Alice Maude Redington Pierce. Her husband, Arthur L. Crawford, is a Commissioner in the Utah State Department of Publicity and Industrial Development. Without his understanding and patience, it would be impossible for Vesta to devote so much time to duties outside her home. They have one daughter, Marian, a student at Brigham Young University.

Vesta's prose and poetry have won recognition in many national periodicals, as well as in *The Relief Society Magazine* itself. She won first place in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest in 1935 and 1945, first place in the short story contest in 1944, and over a period of years has been a contributor to the *Magazine*. Alice Louise Reynolds, a former editor of the *Magazine*, Vesta's teacher in literature at B. Y. U., was most kind and helpful in urging her to develop her writing skill. Vesta continued to study at Stanford University and later at the University of Wyoming, where she won her master's degree in English.

VESTA P. CRAWFORD

The General Board of Relief Society is proud of the new associate editor and expects, with her great talents, to have *The Relief Society Magazine* grow and deepen in significance to the women of the Church.

The Kidnaping

Fay Tarlock

BEFORE we came to Mexico during the late war, we lived on a country hillside in California. Danny, our not-quite-three-year-old son, had never known the pleasures of a sidewalk. To acquaint him with pavement, his daddy bought him a little vehicle called an Iron Mike. Danny would ride on the tile walks in the front and back gardens, and circle the fountain made of many-colored Puebla tiles, a wondrous thing with the drain pipe on the uptilted side. The long tiled corridors were forbidden, because of the Senora's fear that he might crash into the expensive leaded panes of the long Gothic windows.

Outside the iron-grilled gate of our casa, there were always children playing. Mostly they belonged to the maids who lived and worked on Calle Aguas Calientes. In late afternoons, however, there would be well-dressed little boys and girls, attended by white uniformed *nanas*. Both groups welcomed Danny and taught him Spanish. Whenever he tired of pedaling his Mike, the children would race for turns.

Children were only part of the sidewalk's attractions. There were street vendors with their loads of baskets, feather dusters, and fruits. Country men strolled by, herding their lean turkeys. Donkeys, laden with *bano* wood, rested while their masters negotiated. The maids, with their heavy braids of black hair and their vivid aprons, were always hurrying by. There were the rag pickers in their long, full skirts, the omnipresent beggars, creeping by in rags. One of these beggars held his matted locks high and recited poetry. I loved the street outside my white garden wall, and my son shared my enthusiasm.

We had only one maid, Dolores, a quiet little girl from silver-mining Guanajuato, and a laundress. More help would have been opulence to me. When I was too busy to stay with Danny on the street, I would leave the heavy gate slightly ajar. Every few minutes I would look out to see that he was playing with the children or riding his Mike.

One noontime I was in a great rush preparing dinner, for we had adopted the Mexican custom of early afternoon dining. The national stadium, where the *campesinos* were being processed for agricultural labor in the United States, was close by. My husband was home for every meal. Dolores, who should have been helping me, had stayed overlong at the *mercado* and was still busy with the upstairs work.

I heard a loud knock on the glass door that separated our baronial living room from the corridor.

"Senora! Senora! Senora!" The voice grew louder with each repetition.

I ran, knowing from experience that it was useless to call. My Spanish needed visual contact.

A stout, amiable looking workman stood in the doorway.

"Que es?" I asked, holding my floured fingers away from my apron.

"Senora, do you speak English?"

he asked seriously. He spoke almost without an accent.

"I speak nothing else," I assured him.

"So I thought! No one else would do such a thing."

"And what have I done?" I asked him lightly, trying to keep my irritation from showing. The servants were always showing astonishment and amusement at what I did. Was it this stranger's business if I did my own cooking?

"Senora, is that your little boy?" He pointed to the garden, where Danny, astride his Mike, was watching with big-eyed curiosity.

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Wrong! Senora!" The man lifted his hands high, then dropped them on his jeans in despair. "Do you know what you have done? You might have had him kidnaped!"

He stopped my protest with another upward flinging of his hands. "Ay, Senora, you do not know. Had I been a bad man, Senora, he would not be here now."

The anxiety in my eyes pleased him. "You read the papers, no? You do not know of the terrible things that go on. Many men are not working. They steal. They kidnap children. In the park the *ninos* disappear while their *nanas* are talking. A beautiful boy like yours," he went on without stopping, "he should never be on the streets unless you or one of your maids is with him. I am a good man. The Senora of this house knows me. I deliver here many times. Do you understand that with your houses together like this, with only the *pasillos* to separate you," he waved his hand towards the Senora's corridor, "it is easy for a person to gain admittance. And you leave him alone on the street." He shook his head in sorrow.

I tried to interrupt him to tell him that Danny was watched, but he continued, apparently not needing to breathe. "In the United States it is different. I have lived there. I know. But here, believe me, Senora, it is not the same. If anything should happen to that little boy, ay, Senora!"

There were tears in his dark eyes, and I leaned against the Chinese chest that was placed near the entrance. His emotion had exhausted me.

"I myself would turn this city upside down," he assured me. Then he looked at me sternly. "You must never let him outside alone." He started toward the door that led to the Senora's corridor. Turning, he gave a last admonishment. "You must watch him all the time, even in these *pasillos* and in the garden. The wire on top of that wall," he dismissed with scorn the two-foot high barricade of barbed wire, "it would not hold back a man who wanted to come over."

I was a little amused. Here in the bright sunshine the streets seemed as safe as those at home, though more exciting. I had never left Danny for more than three or four minutes. I wanted him to be self-reliant, not afraid of barbed wire or of people.

I had barely lighted the gas under my floured meat before I heard the soft, clear voice of the Senora calling, "Please, may I come into your house a minute, Mrs. Tarlock?"

I took off my apron, turned the gas low, and went into the living room, hoping my hair was neat.

The Senora stood in the doorway, dressed in her modish town suit and carrying her hat in her hands as if she had just come in. She was a beautiful lady, small, but looking taller because of the elegant way she held herself. Her hair was brushed into a silver pompadour. Under it her brown eyes were sorrowful.

She might as well get used to seeing me in the kitchen, I thought.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Tarlock, please, but I could not help overhearing what Javier said just now. It is most true. You must be more careful. Many times I have wanted to warn you. I myself have seen our little Danito," an extra softness crept into her voice, the softness that all Mexicans seem to have when they speak of children, "and I have brought him into my house. Oh, Mrs. Tarlock," she placed her hands gracefully over the region of her heart, "you must never leave him so again. And at all times you must see that the doors and windows are locked." She smiled charmingly. "It is not so bad once you get used to it."

She bowed her lovely head. "Now, if you will excuse me, please, for coming in and making your good husband angry because of his late dinner, I will go."

THE Senora was a woman of much worldly wisdom. After her warning and that of Javier, watching Danny became an obsession with me. In the mornings I carried a stout little Mexican chair and sat in the open doorway. Afternoons, Dolores was with him unless Tiz, the nursemaid of little Marcita from next door, was watching.

Our American friends also added to my feeling of danger. Soon, I became afraid to let Danny play with only Dolores watching him, although Dolores was faithfulness itself. I would wear myself out peeping though the gate. Every time I went to town without Danny I was nervous. I began the practice of slipping Mercedes, the Senora's cook, a peso a week to watch Dolores watching Danny.

As the season wore on, the *campesinos* poured into Mexico by the thousands. Mr. Tarlock was gone from dawn until dusk. Occasionally, to have some companionship with his son, he would take Danny to the stadium. Danny was known there as "Jefecito," and walked fearlessly among the dark-eyed men.

Earlier in the quest for farm laborers the men had been wary. Then came the day when some of the first men to fulfill contracts returned. "You want money?" they would call to the beggars, throwing handfuls of nickels and dimes and even quarters of good Gringo money into the streets, and laughing at the scramble. After that the men left their plows in the field and their work benches in the shops to come to the District Federal. Their tickets to the land of fantastic wages were the little white *tarjetas* handed them gratis by their government. These *tarjetas*, especially when they had an early date, became increasingly hard to get. There were rumors of sudden wealth in certain circles.

From the beginning, the American officials, in order to help needy men, had been able to get *tarjetas*. Mr. Tarlock had brought home six for relatives of Dolores who had left their farms and were living on the streets of Mexico while they awaited

their turns. Enrique, the Senora's gardener, had asked for and obtained three for his nephews, he said. Now the crowds at the stadium had grown to over twenty thousand, and the Americans had to almost fight their way through pleading men. Favor seekers became so troublesome that an order was issued for American officials to help no one.

One unclouded morning there had been groups in front of our place since sunrise. Not knowing the men, I refused to let Danny outside the house. Some of the men lingered even after Mr. Tarlock dismissed them when he came home for dinner. Afterwards, he spent a few hours with us, there being some holiday that gave the Mexican office workers a free day.

THAT afternoon the rain was over early. We relaxed in our garden chairs, enjoying the sunshine. Danny, glad to be outside, was riding wildly around the fountain.

I heard the house bell through the open doors. Dolores, her *huaraches* flapping with each step, came running to the gate. Four men, headed by Enrique, each clutching a plump black chicken, stood respectfully in the gateway. My husband reluctantly left his chair. From the comfortable depths of mine, I heard scraps of the conversation in Spanish, punctuated by squawks from the chickens. The gardener wanted *tarjetas* for his friends, all worthy farmers from Xochimilco. The black chickens, unworthy for such honor, but the fattest to be had in all the town, were merely to show their respect and friendship for "Don Antonio." As the gardener pleaded, each man held out his chicken.

Sorrow crossed the face of "Don Antonio" as he waved the chickens back.

"No es posible!" he said with determination and closed the gate.

Before he was halfway to his chair, the bell rang again. This time the gardener stood alone with four chickens in one hand. The beady eyes of the chickens, I thought, had the same humble, supplicating look of Enrique's round, black eyes.

"Don Antonio," Enrique begged, "as a great favor to me, accept these poor fowl."

This time "Don Antonio" slammed the gate.

"It was tough to refuse those chickens," Mr. Tarlock murmured, lowering himself into his chair.

I knew how "tough." Chicken was our favorite dish, and the price of the birds had shot up from four pesos to fourteen, skinny birds at that.

"If that man had just gone through the Senora's house and handed the chickens over the fence to Dolores, we could have feasted all week. I've sent north one lot of his relatives, and I'll help these fellows just as soon as the card situation clears up. But I can't tell him that." Mr. Tarlock laughed and relaxed in his chair. "I can't even accept a chicken. If I took those chickens, we'd either have half of Mexico dumped on our lawn before morning or I'd be arrested for bribery."

Sorrowing for the lost chickens, I went into the house to make a mango drink. In the corridor I remembered I had not heard Danny for several minutes. I ran through the house, upstairs and down. He was not in the back garden. "Dolores,"

I called, forgetting Spanish, "is Danny with you?"

She understood and came out of her apartment, calling, "No, Senora, no."

I gave my instructions. Dolores was to run to the house of Marcita. My husband was to go out on the street, while I went into the house of the Senora. Danny, I felt, was there. None of the family was at home. In the servant quarters I found Mercedes, drying her hair from her recent *bano*.

"No esta, Senora, no esta," she told me placidly, but she put down her comb and trotted amiably up the back stairs. I could hear her calling through the bedrooms and out on the roof.

"No esta," she announced, smiling, on her return.

Danny was not with Marcita. I began to know panic.

"You go down Chilpancingo," I called to my husband. "See if he has started to the park."

I sent Dolores up Avenida Insurgentes, one of the main traffic avenues of the city. I would go to Iztacihuatl, where Danny often accompanied me to the *panaderia*.

I sped along, passing Dolores by the court. I thought of all the men who might wish my husband harm: the policeman whom he had refused consent to go to the States, the drunken *campesino* he had ejected from a train, the officials with whom he had had trouble. I was tearing down Iztacihuatl then, dimly conscious that people were staring at me. A crazy Gringo woman, no doubt, they thought.

THOSE men on the street this morning! The beggars! Danny could have been snatched away while the gardener and his men were at the gate. Enrique himself might have been a tool. So many men knew Danny. My throat was burning, and my head was light from running in the thin air.

Far down on Iztacihuatl a group of children were standing in a tight circle. Many of them were children of the street, barefooted, with worn overalls, I noticed, as I came closer. Panting, I pushed my way through the circle.

There, in the center, with a slightly fatuous grin on his face, was my son, seated on his Mike and enjoying the attention.

Close to him, protecting him from the pressing group, was a woman dressed in brown, with red-gold hair. She was, I thought in my first second of relief, either a Spanish refugee or of Spanish origin.

"You are the mother of thees boy, yes? You theenk we have keednaped heem, no?" she asked, with a disarming smile.

Relief left me weak and unable to answer her.

"I tell the children," the woman said, carefully picking each English word, "that thees ees an American keed. I tell them, 'look at these straight legs, the flesh so firm on heem.' I tell them, 'look at these round cheeks,' not lean like theirs. 'Look at the color of health een them,' I say, 'the quality in the way he holds hees head. Eet ees because of being an American that he ees so.' The good food you feed him. All the meelk and veetameens. And no candy, for how could he have teeth like that and eat of the sweets? I tell them that een your United

(*Continued on page 694*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

WOMAN'S VOICE: The Gospel, or the building up of the kingdom, gives all who desire to be useful an opportunity to cultivate their talents, extend their usefulness and be a blessing to mankind, by assisting to build up and promote all the interests of Zion.—M. E. Teasdale

HOME MANUFACTURES: The manufacture of soaps of various grades has now become a settled and paying business. A fine quality of hats is also made. Boots and shoes and clothing, glass, white lead, lead pipe, native paints, brushes, paper, printing type, starch, pearl barley, and oatmeal are all manufactured in the Territory, and many of these articles in sufficient quantity to meet the local demand and to export to some extent.—Wilford Woodruff

IDLENESS: Industry is honorable; idleness is degrading. Girls, in making choice of a husband, shun the idler, or the person who wishes to make a living without work. If there are any of your acquaintances who think there are better ways of making a living than by honest labor, they are mistaken, and beware of allowing your affections to go out toward them in the least.—Hattie Adams

A DELIGHTFUL MEETING: The meeting of the sisters, held in the 14th Ward (Salt Lake City) September 3rd, was of unusual interest. Counselor E. Howard was addressing the congregation from the stand, when surprise and joy suddenly filled every heart and lighted up every countenance. This happy effect was occasioned by the entering, unannounced, of Zion's venerable, honored and beloved poetess, Sister Eliza R. Snow. This being her first appearance in public since her recovery from the very severe illness which she has lately endured, it was no wonder that the hearts of her sisters should overflow with unspeakable pleasure and gratitude at again beholding her in their midst.—L.G.R.

REMINISCENCES

I stood beside the self-same rippling brook,
The soft winds whispered to me as of yore,
And all the landscape wore the conscious look
Of having known me many years before.
All things familiar seemed, and yet how strange,
To think in me how passing great the change.

—Selected

MAKE FRIENDS: Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even among joy and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are?

—*Munsford's Magazine*

GEMS

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kindly feelings and affectionate manners.

I believe in the democracy of the family. If in this world there is anything splendid, it is a home where all are equal.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WOMEN have contributed considerably to the ambitious, yearlong Utah Centennial program. Rosella F. Larkin serves on the Centennial Commission. Maud Hardman, assistant chairman of the Art Committee, helped to select the Utah artists' exhibit that toured the State, and conducted tours of the "One Hundred Years of American Art" exhibit, lent by the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums. In the Arts Division are Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society, and Kate B. Carter, President of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, which organization has been of great service throughout the Centennial. On the drama committee are Irma F. Bitner, Marba C. Josephson, Lucy G. Cannon, President of the Y.W.M.I.A.; on the music committee, Glenn W. Wallace. The Utah pioneer dance chairman is Jessie Schofield. Fairfax P. Walkup did the costume section of the source book and supervised costuming of the July parade.

The exquisite Utah-theme coronation gowns of the Queen and her two attendants, the "nations" costumes, and some others were designed by Lester and Margaret Essig, noted costumers of Chicago. Margaret is a daughter of the late Apostle Orson F. Whitney.

In January, Alice M. Horne exhibited at Z.C.M.I. six murals by Minerva H. Teichert, movingly portraying pioneer scenes. She lent pictures by Hafen, Harwood, Fairbanks, Ottinger, and Clawson to the exhibit of pioneer art at the Exposition.

The beautiful Church pageant, *Message of the Ages*, was written by Bertha A. Kleinman. Irma F. Bitner and Charlotte Stewart directed two of the four sections. Bea T. Thomas, Becky Thompson, Rowena J. Miller and May Green assisted. Lorna Taylor designed costumes.

M.I.A. contest prizes were won as follows: three-act play, Ruth Hale, with her husband, Nathan; one-act play, Alice M. Bailey; song, Beth H. Moore; short story, Estelle W. Thomas.

Florence Ware supervised beautification of the Exposition grounds. She also supervised the exhibit of Utah art, changed weekly. Artistic Barbara V. Fealy was landscape gardener. Vassie O'Brien and Ethleen Hillman supervised the flower shows and the lighted shadow box decorations. Secretary of the State Fair Board, Elsie Van Noy, was very co-operative.

Noted Helen Tamaris, choregrapher for the musical, *Promised Valley*, was ably assisted by the Salt Lake dancer, Virginia Tanner. Sereta Jones, of Salt Lake, designed the lovely costumes. Sarah Mallory was a judge for the prize Centennial play.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 OCTOBER 1947 NO. 10

Diamond Jubilee of Women's Periodical

LATTER-Day Saint women have always been in the fore in advocating and upholding proper issues concerning the status of women. It has never been necessary for them to ask for rights for themselves, however. From the establishment of the Church in these latter days and the colonization of communities by Church members, the women, in so far as it lay in the power of Latter-day Saints to grant, have been accorded religious and civil liberties and rights for which the women of the world have had to struggle for long years. The Church, moreover, does not grudgingly accord mere rights to women, it adds protection, privileges, and blessings as well, commensurate with woman's mission on earth.

Seventy-five years ago, in June 1872, only twenty-five years after the first pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, the women of Relief Society talked of establishing a paper of their own. It was at a time when living conditions were still harsh and trying and, often, even dangerous. The brethren gave the women every encouragement. President Brigham Young even went so far as to call the first editor "on a mission," so young and inexperienced did Louisa L. Greene (Lula Greene Richards) feel at being entrusted with such a new and important undertaking. Eliza R. Snow served as advisor, as she did in all the work of the women of the Church. Brother Edward L. Sloan was especially helpful and suggested the future name of the periodical the *Woman's Exponent*. The first issue appeared on June 1, 1872, in honor of the birthday of President Brigham Young "who was always its staunch friend and advocate."

Once the periodical was launched, it called for the unselfish, untiring efforts of its humble staff and the sacrifices of Relief Society women to guarantee its continuance. Many hours of tedious labor were given by the women to earn $2, the price of the new publication. It travelled to lonely communities by slow-moving conveyances, to be eagerly read by candlelight at the end of the day's toil by the subscriber. It was then customary to pass it around among friends, that all might become better informed on both the work of the women in the Territory, and the work of women throughout the world. "For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All nations," its motto read.

Since it was the second woman's publication west of the Mississippi River, most of the early readers of the *Exponent* never read another woman's magazine. Today, however, women of the Church are surfeited with magazines for women, published by some of the most powerful

financial interests of the country. Still *The Relief Society Magazine* continues to be unique. The staff consists entirely of women, and it maintains the same purposes for which it was originally established:

> It is the official publication of Relief Society, including the lesson material and instructions to Relief Society members. It contains inspirational articles for encouragement to better living. It offers opportunity to Latter-day Saint women to develop their writing skills, and offers inducements to write through conducting poem and short story contests. It carries articles of special interest to women in homemaking and, in all its varied interests, its contents are kept in strict harmony with Church standards and beliefs.

It is a woman's magazine which can safely be put in the hands of any growing girl who, from its pages, may receive a vision of the great work of Relief Society which lies ahead for her.

As in the days of President Young so in this day, the brethren of the Church are its "staunch friends and advocates." They are always ready to lend their wisdom and experience to further the work of the periodical.

There should be a spirit of jubilation in the hearts of the women of the Church in this Diamond Jubilee year of their publication, and a feeling of thanksgiving for the vision and courage of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers who pioneered in this specialized field for women. There should also be a spirit of dedication—that Relief Society women today will uphold and raise to new standards of excellence *The Relief Society Magazine*, the periodical by and for the women of the Church—and when Relief Society women unite behind any movement, success is insured.

M.C.S.

Isabel B. Callister Resigns from General Board

IT is with keen regret that the General Presidency of Relief Society announces the resignation of Isabel Barton Callister from the General Board as of August 6, 1947. Sister Callister has been a member of the General Board only one year and three months, but during that time she demonstrated her great ability and fitness for General Board work as well as her deep love and interest in Relief Society. During her service as a Board Member her contribution to the Relief Society program reached throughout the Church.

The resignation of Sister Callister was tendered because of her prolonged illness, since it is felt that all her energies should be used for the improvement of her health and for the care of her family.

The prayers and love of the members of the General Board and Relief Society members everywhere will be with Sister Callister for the full recovery of her health.

In Memoriam

Edith Grant Young Passes

THE General Board and Relief Society women throughout the Church who have known and loved Sister Edith Grant Young mourn with her husband Elder Clifford E. Young and his family in her passing on Wednesday, August 20, 1947.

Edith Grant Young, daughter of the late President Heber J. Grant and Lucy Stringham Grant, was a devoted wife and mother and, with her husband, has reared a noble posterity. In addition to the loving performance of her home and family duties, Sister Young increased the talent given her of the Lord—her beautiful voice. She did not refuse a request to sing for her Church even though, by reason of her health, at times it would have seemed wise for her to do so. Just a day or two before her death, she was practicing with the Singing Mothers for this October conference. The example of her beautiful life will long be remembered as a source of inspiration to all who knew Edith Grant Young.

DISCOVERY

Margery S. Stewart

Lock the door and bar the door
And may I cease to hear
The cries of far-off children,
Shut out in cold and fear.

Light the fire and tend the fire
And let the flames reach high,
Is it for lack of smallest warmth
A little girl must die?

Baste a seam and sew a seam
With stitches neat and fine,
For stoutest buttons, fairest lace,
For every child of mine . . . .

Child of mine? Child of mine?
Now fiercely in my heart
There leaps the truth—in every child
I somehow have a part.

The Gift Drawer

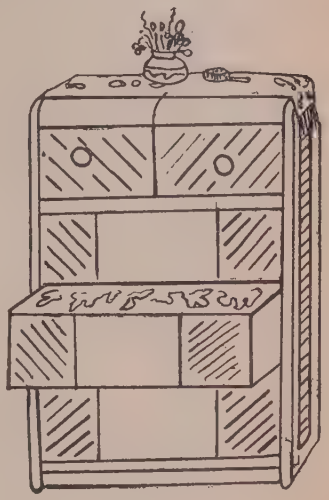
Ivie H. Jones
President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society

AT first we called it the "White Elephant Drawer," because we put into this drawer all of the small toys and storybooks, and some of the good used clothing that we had outgrown or had little need for. The children loved to go to this handy drawer and select a book or a tiny toy for some sick playmate at the hospital. We soon, however, discarded the name, "White Elephant," and called it our "Gift Drawer," by which name it has been known for many years.

All types of gifts have graced this drawer, ten-cent store, and good jewelry, lovely linens, less expensive cottons, ornaments, and accessories, odd and attractive buttons. This gift drawer could have been a junk heap, except for our collecting suitable boxes and wrappings for our gifts, thus keeping the drawer in order and reducing the labor of mailing to a minimum.

We have especially enjoyed the card section of our gift drawer. This consists of seven small, fairly flat cardboard boxes all the same size. Each box is held shut with a heavy rubber band, and on each box is written in large letters one of the following: *Birthday Cards, Sympathy, Get Well, Hospitality, Christmas, Special Occasions,* and *Cards to Accompany Gifts.*

It has been a delight to be able to go to this gift drawer and select an appropriate gift for any occasion, without having to hunt all over the



house for something which has been misplaced. It has been fun making and buying to replenish our supply. A lovely handkerchief, an apron from a Relief Society bazaar, remnants, dishes, and odds and ends sold by stores at reduced prices during January and February inventory sales, including attractive ties for men (not usually found in the picked-over group displayed at Christmas time), pillow cases made by ourselves, a bit of crocheted or knitted lace—all find their way to our gift drawer.

Never at any time since the gift drawer idea was conceived, when the children were tiny, to the present time when they are all married and have families of their own, has our gift drawer been entirely empty.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 9

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

After much suffering, the company finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans. Pearcon, a renegade Piute, and his band block the trail into the wilderness. A friendly Indian chief intervenes and sends Pearcon away. The company arrives safely at Montezuma on the San Juan, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mrs. Mitchell, the wife of a neighboring prospector, comes to help Mary in her confinement.

JAMES held Mary's straining form in his arms, felt her relax, and thought that she was dead. A long, dry sob shook him, and he raised his sunken eyes to Elizabeth, praying for denial.

"Don't you dare give up, James Davis!" Elizabeth commanded sharply. "The baby is coming! Mary will live."

There was a high, strangling wail, and Mary's baby came into the world.

Mrs. Mitchell returned to the cabin, so certain that Mary would be dead that she had brought her husband and the prospectors with her, so that they could dig the grave.

"The good Lord save us!" she cried when she saw that Mary was delivered, and that she was well enough to smile. An expression of fear came over the woman's face, and she backed out of the door, muttering, "Mormons, Mormons," as though for the first time in her life she had come in contact with the supernatural.

They named the baby *Ethel* and wrote the date, August 2, 1879, in the old family Bible, thus recording the birth of the first white child born in the San Juan Mission.

Silas Smith and George Hobbs, and the few other men who had stayed with them at Montezuma, left two days after the baby's birth to join the scouts at the Blue Mountain, where they had been instructed to wait. Harvey Dunton, a man seventy years of age, decided to stay at Montezuma with the Davis and Harriman families.

"I will try to persuade some of the other scouts to return and stay here with you, Brother Davis," President Smith said. "It's not safe for so few of you to be left here alone."

But no one ever came back to Montezuma. James and Henry, Ted Davis, and the aged Mr. Dunton, were the only men left at the lonely little mission. Mancos, Colorado, a struggling town of twelve families,

was sixty-five miles away. The nearest market was three hundred miles away.

"It's us, and no more," Ted sighed, choking down his homesickness. "But," he added manfully, "I guess we men can take care of Ma and Sister Harriman, while they take care of the children."

Mary looked at Ted, a world of pride in her eyes. "We'll be the best-taken-care-of ladies in this whole mission," she exclaimed, passing an infectious smile along to Ted, "I'm not one bit afraid."

JAMES and Ted began at once to build a stone fireplace in their cabin, for they expected the winters to be long and cold. Ted chipped the stones and shaped them while his father laid them, firmly packing the mortar in between.

"We'll cut cordwood and stack it next to the house, Pa," Ted suggested. "Ma's not very strong, yet, since the baby came. We don't want her to work too hard while we are away at our work on the ranch."

"I hope we'll never both be away at the same time, Ted," his father answered. "I'd feel better about things here if the Indians were showing a little more natural curiosity."

"You mean about us?" Ted asked. "I'll ride up to the Mitchell ranch and see if they know any news. They can tell us about the Indians."

James smiled. "News, my boy, Ted, will be as old as human nature before it gets to us here. We'd best stay at our jobs."

He danced a jig to cheer himself up, and went to work.

That night one of the men from the Mitchell ranch came down to warn the new settlers that the Indians were on the warpath. The Navajos across the San Juan were friendly, he said, but the White River Utes were in a bad temper. They had just killed the Meeker family and were swearing to get all the cattle along the river, and then kill the whites—men, women, and children. They were, even then, nearing Montezuma.

"Us is got help from up the river," the prospector said. "Us'll build a fort and shoot our way clear. And you's best do the same, likewise!"

"Our houses are small and not fit for forts," James replied. "What are we to do? You see that Brother Harriman has one whole end of his house torn out so we can build him a fireplace."

"Wells, then, I s'pect you gotta do the best you can," the man said indifferently. "Us is warned ya!"

He started to leave, but when he saw Mary, frail, and still very weak, standing in the door with her baby in her arms, he hesitated, then offered reluctantly, "I guess ya could move in with us folks. You'd likely be safe with we uns. Us could hole you up."

James looked at Mary, but she shook her head.

"Thanks, brother," James said. "We'll take our chances here."

The prospector pursed his lips several times, then rode away without looking back. "Them folks sure puzzle we," he muttered. "They shore does!"

Henry came in with a load of rock for his chimney, and James explained the situation to him.

"You did right to say we would keep to our own premises, James. I'm not one for running away," Henry assured him.

"Now that you've got the rock hauled in, Henry, it won't take long to lay up a fireplace. We'll work all night. The women can take turns holding the lanterns for us to work by." Then, turning to his son, James told Ted to see that the guns were in shape, and for him never to leave them, even for a minute. The boy obeyed promptly, glad to be relieved of the tedious job of stone chipping.

Outwardly calm, Mary and Elizabeth made all preparations for the night, trying to feel as brave as they talked. "I'm a coward at heart, Mary," Elizabeth murmured in an undertone. "I'm trembling till I can hardly stand."

"Somehow, I don't feel afraid," Mary answered. "James was prompted to stay here, and his promptings are always for our good. Frankly, I'm not much more afraid of Indians than I am of trappers and prospectors!"

"Well, I'd not sleep a wink if I went to bed, so I'll hold the lantern for the men to work by. I can at least act like I'm brave," Elizabeth declared.

"You are brave, Elizabeth," Mary assured her. "I've seen the time when you stood up to danger better than most men."

Elizabeth smiled gratefully. "I guess I'll make out," she said, and went into her own cabin.

SHORTLY after dark as the men worked on the chimney, a friendly Navajo came running with the word that the Utes were within two miles of the settlement, and that there were at least three hundred of them. The warning threw Elizabeth into such a state of fear that she dropped the lantern she was holding above her head, and crumpled to the ground. Mary and Ted helped her into the house.

"You go and hold the lantern, Ted," Mary told her son. "The chimney has to be built. It is our only chance. I'll mind the guns."

Ted went quietly to the end of the house and took up the lantern, assuring the anxious men that Mrs. Harriman was all right.

"Ever since we came she has wanted me to promise that I'd kill her before I'd let her fall into the hands of the Indians," Henry said. "I declare, I don't know how to pacify her."

"There're two things we can always do, Henry," James spoke with assurance, "and that is to pray and work. And I've seen that it's a medicine that women have to have, too. There's not been much for the women to do, the houses not being finished, and all. It's no wonder they are fearful. Once we get this end of the house rocked in, Sister Harriman will feel safer."

The children said their tearful prayers and went to bed, too quiet, too wide-eyed for sleep.

By midnight the chimney was even with the roof of the cabin.

"I guess that will do until we need to build a fire in it," James decided. "I have the feeling that we had best get into our house and stay there till we know what's goin' to happen."

Each of the families had an extra large, fine dog. Closing and barring the door of the Davis cabin, with the dogs crouched low in the dark room, the men took up their vigil. Mary and Elizabeth waited with their children. The dogs growled

often, low, angry growls that answered the slightest sound outside.

An hour went by. The strain of waiting and listening, yet hearing nothing, was almost unendurable. In the dark, the breathing of the alert dogs conveyed a new and sudden uneasiness. The men tightened their fingers around their gun barrels. The dogs stood up. They remained motionless, listening. Then, without any apparent warning from outside, they sprang against the bolted door.

The children began to whimper.

"Hush, Orson," Mary whispered to her eight-year-old son, "little Emily hasn't made a sound!"

Orson stopped crying, but he crouched against his mother. Mary could feel the trembling of his little body against hers.

Not being let out, the dogs set up such a barking that even the baby began to scream in fright.

"Open the door, Ted!" James Davis cried. "Let the dogs loose!"

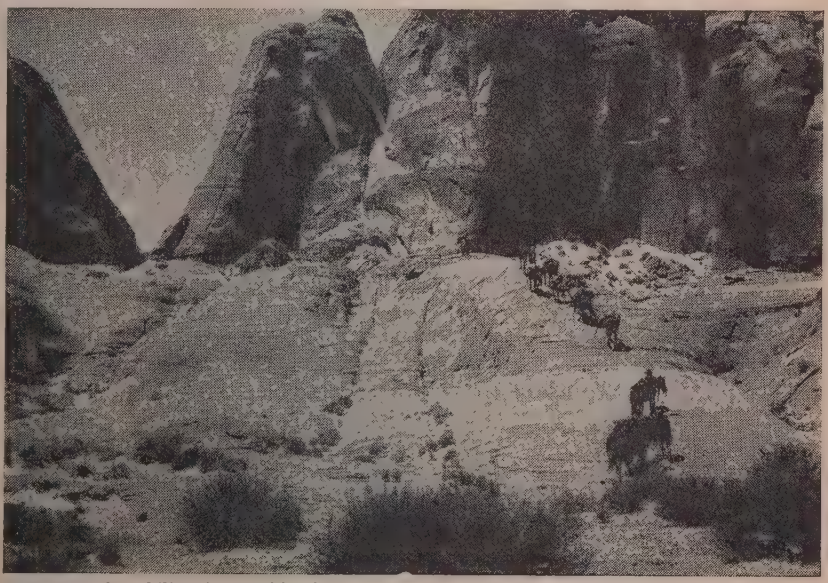
Ted drew the bolt, and the dogs hurled themselves into the pitch-black darkness.

"Hush, my darlings," Mary soothed, and when Orson again began to scream, she held her hand over his mouth, talking in low, prayerful tones.

"Be with us, Lord," Elizabeth prayed. "Keep these little children in thy hand."

"It's strange that we hear nothing," Henry said. "The dogs are more wrought up than I've ever seen them."

"I hope they get back to us," James muttered. "They are more help than ten men."



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

"SLICK ROCK" AT GUNSIGHT PASS
Southeastern Utah

Photograph by Willard Luce

DUST STORM OVER MONUMENT VALLEY

The dogs came back, but they were still bristling with anger. The Indians had crossed the ford less than a mile above the two small cabins, not stopping for minor raids, in their hurry to join forces with some renegade Navajos from the reservation.

FOR a few weeks the Indians were fully occupied with their own tribal wars and left the white settlers to work in peace. Taking advantage of the situation, James and Ted began work on a larger house, a half mile east of the Harriman claim. If they were to be ready for winter, no time was to be lost.

As the weeks went by, and no Indians appeared on the scene, James decided to go to Mancos, Colorado, for supplies. Taking a pack horse and one to ride, he took a roundabout route far to the southeast to avoid going through Ute territory. While many of the Navajos were willfully mean and lawless, most of them were friendly to the white people. If they were well-treated they gave little trouble. James preferred to take his chances with them. He made the sixty-five mile trip and back again within four days, but he had been able to buy very little food. There was no surplus anywhere, and with winter only a few months away, each man was jealously hoarding his meager store.

At James' home waiting to see him was the famous Thales Haskell, a man who had spent many years as missionary to the Indians. President Erastus Snow had heard that the Montezuma families had been killed by the Indians, and had sent the missionary from the outpost headquarters at Moenkopi to investigate.

"Seeing your smoking chimney was a thankful sight, Brother Davis," Haskell affirmed, coming out into the dooryard to greet James. "I have brought you a little flour, all that I could carry horseback. It is good to

see that you and Brother Harriman are alive and well."

"We have lived on wheat, ground in a coffee mill," James confided, shaking hands with the missionary. "We've come to like it. Your flour will be saved for special occasions. But tell me, Brother Haskell, what has become of the second company? We have almost given up expecting them."

"We have heard nothing concerning them," Haskell answered. "There are some at Moenkopi who fear they have been killed by the Indians."

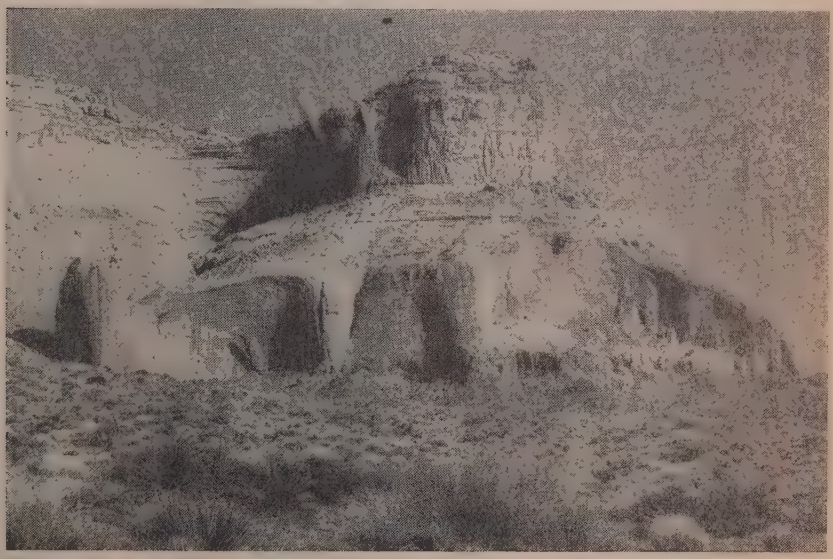
"I pray that such a rumor is unfounded," James replied. "We may be too prone to blame things onto the red men."

Haskell looked at James with a new interest. "If you are as tolerant as your words imply, Brother Davis," he said, "you will have little trouble from the Indians."

They shook hands again, and James led the way into the house.

MONTH after month passed, but the second company did not come. The two families at Montezuma had no food left, not even wheat, and there was too much Indian trouble around for either of the men to leave the mission long enough to go the long distance to Mancos to buy provisions. During the past month they had saved the bran from the wheat which they had ground for food, and this remained their only means of subsistence.

"What are we going to do?" Mary questioned Elizabeth, looking out over the country, vainly trying to hide her tears. "James is too ill to work, and the children have such



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

ARCHED FORMATION ON ROCK CREEK
Southeastern Utah

stomach pains that they do not sleep at night. Your children have fared no better."

"Mary, we must find a way to supplement our diet," Elizabeth answered. "Let's go hunting sego lily bulbs."

Mary shook her head. "It is useless. Ted has hunted for bulbs for days." She sighed. "The rodents have eaten them, Elizabeth."

"If we can only hold out a little longer," Elizabeth tried to be encouraging, "the second company will surely get through to us. I cannot believe they have all been killed!"

"We'll kill a cow," James decided, coming in at the door of the Harriman house where the two women sat. "We'll not starve while there is meat."

Mary turned white. "I can't eat meat any more, James, the very thought of it nauseates me."

"I'll have Ted roast it in the coals until it is so charred it has lost its flavor, Mary. Then you can eat it."

James looked to Elizabeth and Mary for encouragement. "Someday," he said, "all this will be forgotten."

Mary shook her head. "Our stomachs will quit clamoring for food, but our children's cries will always be in our ears!"

"We must not let Brother Haskell see that we are discouraged," James advised. "He will be in from the reservation tonight. Perhaps he will have heard more of the rumors about our friends in the main company."

"That's right," Elizabeth agreed. "Somehow we'll just have to go on until help does come."

THAT night the aged man, Harvey Dunton, sat with the Davis family long after his usual time for retiring. Usually he kept to his bed in his wagon when night came. But, though he had eaten his meal of bran and charred meat, he made no move to go.

"Is something troubling you, Brother Dunton?" Mary asked, fearing that he, too, was getting sick from the coarse, inadequate diet.

"I'm well," the old man answered. "I stayed to tell you that I am going away, Sister Davis."

"Oh, no!" Mary cried. "Where would you go? How would you live?"

"Those same questions are confronting me here," he answered. "I am one more to feed, and too old to do much but sit by the fire and dream."

"And when we reach your age, that is what we shall all want to do," Mary answered, sorry that she could offer no real comfort.

"I shall go," the old man reiterated. "My musket is good, and snake meat is as palatable as squirrel and rabbit."

"But your going will not give us more to eat!" Mary reminded him, aghast at the prospect of an old man, undernourished and thinly clad, going alone into hostile, desert country. "You have helped to keep us in food by sharing your horse feed with us," she added.

"Soon what little bran you have will be gone, Sister," the old man spoke firmly, "and then your children will cry for that, too. I have made up my mind."

Mary's eyes swam with tears as she bade him good night. "I wish you well," was all that she could say.

"I will travel toward the Colorado River," he explained. "Yesterday

while I was out hunting, a friendly Navajo told me that other Indians had told him that there were many white men and families on the other side of the Colorado, and that they cannot cross. I'll go toward the river in the hope that I will see them there."

Thales Haskell leaped to his feet. He had listened intently, feeling more sympathy than he had cared to express. "That must be the main company," he cried. "I feel that I should go to investigate this rumor. We must know if our friends are still alive!" He looked to James for his approval.

"By all means, go!" James decided. "You have lent us all the aid a man can give. What we must have now is the assurance that help is on the way. We will be safe, Brother Haskell. Our trust is in the Lord."

"You and Brother Dunton can travel together!" Mary exclaimed with satisfaction. "That will take a big load off my mind."

"I'll come back as soon as I can," Haskell promised, "and somewhere along the line, I may be able to buy a little flour from a hunter or a trapper."

"While you are gone," James promised, "we will get moved into our new house. Christmas is only a few days away, and it may storm. There is no time to lose."

The moving was accomplished with difficulty, for no one in the family was well enough to work more than a few hours a day. When they were finally settled, Mary felt a great sense of relief. At least they had room enough to set a small native Christmas tree where the firelight would shine upon it. She had knit warm stockings, mittens, and scarves. Ted and James had whittled toys from pine blocks, and she had painted them with dyes extracted from berries that grew along the river banks. They would have these for the children, but, without food, it would be hard to pretend that it was a happy Christmas. If only there could have been a little candy, Mary felt that she could have managed the rest.

On Christmas day it snowed six inches of heavy, wet snow, and that night there was an unprecedented drop in temperature. But, with wood piled high beside the door, the great fireplace was kept roaring and the day was not an unhappy one. The children played games and danced around the Christmas tree. At last, they slept, dreaming of the food they could not have.

Another week passed. Too dispirited to pretend that he was well, James sat by the fire and tried to figure a way out of their troubles, but he was not able to think clearly. Hard pains wrenched his stomach and bowels, and his head ached constantly. What would Mary do if he should die? That seemed to be all that he could think or feel. He could not let Ted go alone to get supplies, for probably there were none to get, and the boy's life might be the forfeit if he should try. They must have the faith to wait, and the determination to keep on living. . . .

Mary was busy with her house and her children. James dropped into an unrestful sleep.

Unexpectedly, there was a long, clear hail from the direction of the ford, and Ted came running into the yard.

"Pa!" he cried, "some white men

are crossing the river, down at our old place, Pa! And George Hobbs is one of them!"

"Ted, my boy, go to meet them!" James ordered, shaking visibly. "I'm just too excited to walk!"

Ted raced away, leaving his father and mother clinging together in the doorway.

THE four men were scouts from the main company of the San Juan Mission. They confirmed the report that the company was at the west ledge of the Colorado River, blasting their way down through a crack in the ledge, stair-stepping their way to the river.

James and Mary had taken their children and hurried to the Harriman home, where the scouts had gone as soon as they crossed the ford. Elizabeth was in such a state of excitement that she was almost incoherent.

"Oh, Mary, George has come!" was all that she could say.

George Hobbs met James and Mary with such a handclasp that words would have been an anticlimax. There was a tribute of pride and understanding in his eyes that started James to shaking hands all over again. Mary tiptoed to kiss George's cheek. His arms enfolded Mary and his sister in one embrace.

"And now you must meet the other Georges," Elizabeth reminded. "My George, you do the honors."

The scouts were introduced as George Sevy, George Morrell, and Lemuel H. Redd. They, with George H. Hobbs as their leader, had been given a difficult and dangerous assignment—to scout the country east of the Colorado River and find a way through to Montezuma for the wagon train of the main company, or die in the attempt. And as the two families listened to the almost unbelievable story of what that assignment had cost in suffering, cold, and starvation, and of the bewilderment of being lost for days and days at a time, they knew that only men of indomitable will and courage could have come through.

"The main company is as hungry and discouraged as you people are here, James," George Hobbs confided. "But they'll get here. Silas S. Smith is their leader, as he was of our exploring company. He'll get them here, somehow, but no man can say when."

"But that will take too long," Elizabeth protested wearily. "I doubt if we can live until you can get back."

"By using your seed grain," George told James and Henry, "you can hold out for sixty days."

Elizabeth went to her brother and brushed her face against his sleeve. "We'll make it, I guess," she promised, "for I know you'll come, if you say you will."

James and Mary said goodbye to the scouts.

"We'll get home before dark," James said. "The darkness holds too many real and imaginary dangers, to make even a short walk pleasant after night."

Ted Davis walked ahead, thinking he would get the fire burning, so the house would be warm for his mother. As he neared the house, he stopped in consternation. There, in the dooryard, stood three tall, young Indians.

"Pa!" Ted cried in warning. "Pa! Stop! It's Indians!"

(To be continued)

THE SHALLOW STREAMS

Dorothy J. Roberts

The shallow, rushing streams hold no reflection
Of tinted blossoms nor of boughs that lean,
But shatter all the calm blue peace of heaven
And break like brittle glass the summer's green.

STORM AND CALM

Beatrice K. Ekman

All through the day the sullen clouds had gathered;
At eventide the lightning slashed the white-lipped troughs at sea.
All through the night the rain's strong, silver fingers
Strummed on the lighted ships and wharves along the quay;
The morning sun rose over rain-washed mountains,
The dripping trees and grass wore greener hue;
The steaming docks and wharves and flowing pavement
Warmed in the sun beneath the sky's clear blue.
The shrinking tide drained from the rocks and sand dunes,
The fishing boats at quiet anchor lay;
The fishermen will bring their catch to harbor,
The faithful tide return at close of day.

AUTUMN DAY

Christie Lund Coles

Wordless before the beauty of this place,
I stand receiving further testament
Of the wonder of earth, the subtle grace
Of tree and grass, and leaning willows bent
Above the transparent stream that sees the face,
The golden splendor of this quiet spot;
The brightly colored flowers, the shadowed hills,
The cobalt sky, clouds delicately wrought.

What phrases, now, can catch the changing scene,
The great, resurgent loveliness of earth,
Express the tremulous magic of one green
And saffron afternoon, or match its worth.
Yet, this communion with the earth is good—
It seems God speaks from tree and solitude.

Co-operative Dinners

Emily H. Bennett

IS your life busy, full "to the brim," but you don't want to give up entertaining completely? Do you want to see your friends, and want your home to be hospitable? Then try co-operative dining. It is fun and it may be a perfect answer to your problem.

This is the way to do it: choose four congenial couples to form the nucleus. Choose friends who are at ease with and thoroughly enjoy each other, and plan to have dinner together occasionally. It is best to agree, at least tentatively, on a regular time—alternate Thursdays, say, or the first Monday of each month—the most convenient time for all of you.

The hostess roll is rotated. The division of work is also arranged. In some groups the hostess does nothing but set the table and put her house in order. Another couple bring the main course; another the salad, rolls, and appetizers; and the fourth pair provides the dessert. In another group, the hostess arranges the table and is responsible for the main dishes, a second couple brings soup; a third, salad and hors d'oeuvres; and a fourth, dessert.

In the group to which I belong, the hostess provides the more substantial part of the dinner, which has been limited to a meat dish and one vegetable; the couple who last acted as hosts brings rolls; and the other two groups provide the salad and dessert. Since we meet rather frequently, this arrangement was designed to make each evening—the roll bringing night—a holiday for one couple. Actually, I am, probably, the only one who always avails herself of the opportunity of reheating bakery rolls on that one night.

In our group, also, the hostess has guest privileges. She may invite four extra friends—or even more if she likes. This gives everyone a chance to widen his group of acquaintances.

If you want to be sure of a very finished effect, with every detail perfected, it is well to take time to plan your dinner together. We never do. Aside from a casual, "We're having cracked crab," or "Bring something that will go with curry," we do not plan. We are very informal, and we risk having a fruit salad and a fruit dessert at the same meal, or of providing a rich dessert to follow a very hearty main course. With so little planning, it is surprising how beautifully things "go together" and how seldom we have brought food combinations which do not harmonize.

Service is easily worked out. The main course and salad are arranged for "self service" on a table or buffet, and then each person carries his own plate to a well-set dining table or to small tables, depending upon the number and accommodations. The couple who brings dessert clears the table and serves the final course. The hostess manages the dishes, either after the others have gone home, or the next morning, or by persuading her children—if they are old enough—to perform maid service.

If special guests are invited, the hostess makes any additional plans

he desires. It may be a little extra ttention to table decorations or to ervice, but it is never so elaborate hat it defeats the benefits achieved by the division of labor.

ALTHOUGH these dinners, as we do them, are informal and fun, hey are never careless. All of us have a healthy respect for the cooking abilities of the others and a real desire to make our contribution add flavor, beauty, and distinction to the whole arrangement. Salad bowls and platters are usually works of art. Desserts are taste triumphs and, although good natured "ribbing" takes place if effects are too spectacular or experimental, we all enjoy trying new and engaging ideas.

One of the best parts of the evening, is the hour or so following dinner. Regular and frequent meetings add zest to the original congeniality, because you will find yourselves doing things together. Perhaps you will go to a concert or to a dance. Perhaps you are camera "fans" and will want to show each other your work. Maybe you are musical and would rather sing or play together than anything else. You may find you like to study together.

We read plays. Sometimes they are short, sometimes long, but they are never practiced. The host assigns the parts, and we go to work struggling with dialects, cues, and characterizations at this first reading. I am not sure our special guests, with some exceptions, enjoy play reading as much as we do, but they always take it in good spirit. We do not always read; sometimes we relax lazily into an evening of talk, which is one of the best ways to spend an evening, because if it is a good group it will be good talk.

If you decide to try the play reading, you will need at least one copy for every three readers, or the "performance" will be badly slowed up. You will also need good lights and you will have to persuade the ladies to put aside their knitting, needlepoint, or stocking darning during the reading time. It is not necessary, however, to find a play with the same number of characters as guests. "Doubling up" can be done. Roles can be passed around between acts or scenes, and alternated with listening.

Like a good marriage which "halves the troubles, and doubles the joys," co-operative dining quarters the entertaining anxieties and multiplies the fun by four. The one inflexible rule we have is that no one worry about his contribution. If a dinner ever happens to be "under par," everyone shares in the embarrassment which, by the sharing, turns out to be no embarrassment at all. And if the dinner is superlative, four couples are filled with pride.

I am intrigued in this Centennial year with the possibilities of pioneer dinners prepared co-operatively. I wish someone would compile a cookbook of our grandmothers' recipes which contained "a little bit" of this and a "handful" of that—the sour cream cole slaw, the six-layer jelly cakes, the currant tea cakes, the oxtail stew, the native dishes from other lands which contributed to pioneer history—Scandinavian, Dutch, German, French, Scotch, English. What a treasury of co-operative dining inspiration!

In the meantime, here are a few suggestions from today's experience:

MENUS

I

Ham loaf with horseradish sauce*
Scalloped potatoes
French style green beans
Sweet rolls
Tomato aspic salad*
Fresh coconut cake

Green beans which have been cut lengthwise (Frenched) are now available in cans or frozen, or, if they are fresh from your garden, cut them yourself. Dress them with a little salad oil or butter.

II

Breaded veal cutlets
Green rice*
Glazed carrots
Parker House rolls
Molded fruit salad*
Chocolate ice cream in meringues

Precook the carrots—a little undercooked, as the Chinese do them—retaining their "chewy" quality. Then glaze gently in skillet or shallow pan in oven. A little thinned honey and butter and a touch of salt make a beautiful glaze. Use small, whole carrots or cut lengthwise in halves or quarters.

Use any good meringue recipe for the dessert, or cream-puff cases may be substituted.

III

Broiled lamb chops or roast leg of lamb with mint sauce
Tiny new potatoes and peas in cream sauce
Hard rolls
Tossed green salad
Strawberry shortcake

Use frozen or fresh peas. Make the cream sauce thin and well seasoned. Combine peas and potatoes and sauce gently so as not to mash the vegetables. Keep *hot*.

Any number of combinations may be tried for your salad, but be sure the greens are *clean, dry, and crisp*. Break them in small pieces (you will, of course, have to cut some things, but break lettuce, etc.) Toss at the last minute with a little favorite French or Italian dressing.

Use a biscuit shortcake for your dessert. Serve the cake *hot*, the berries slightly crushed and sugared, *cold*, and real cream whipped or unwhipped, as you prefer. Garnish with whole berries.

RECIPES

Mira's Ham Loaf With Horseradish Sauce

1½ lbs. ground smoked ham
1 lb. ground lean pork or veal
1 cup bread crumbs
2 eggs lightly beaten
1 cup milk

Mix thoroughly. Place in loaf pan. Mix ½ cup pineapple juice, 1 tbsp. mustard, and ¼ cup brown sugar, and pour over loaf. Bake 1½ hours at 350° Fahrenheit. Serve with

Horseradish Sauce

3 tbsp. fresh horseradish (ground)
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
½ cup whipped cream

Mix gently together. If the sauce must stand for a time, fold in 1 tsp. gelatine which has been dissolved in a little milk.

Ruth's Tomato Aspic Salad

3¾ cups tomato juice
1 bay leaf
2 drops tabasco sauce
4 slices onion
½ tsp. salt
3 envelopes unflavored gelatine
¾ cup water
2 tbsp. vinegar

Simmer first five items together for ten minutes. Sprinkle gelatine on water. Let soak five minutes. Add to hot tomato mixture. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add vinegar. Strain. Pour into seven-inch mold. (Diced celery, sliced pitted ripe olives, or avocado slices may be added to tomato mixture in mold, but it is good plain.) Cool and then refrigerate until set. Unmold on lettuce or other greens and garnish with celery curls, avocado slices, or cream cheese balls. Serve with mayonnaise or other preferred dressing.

Alice's Green Rice

2 cups cooked rice (a little undercooked is best)
2 cups grated cheese
½ small green pepper (chopped)
A few sprigs of parsley (chopped)
¼ cup chopped onion
⅓ cup salad oil
2 eggs (beaten)
1½ cups milk
Salt to taste

Mix well, cover with grated cheese. Bake 45 minutes with heat at 350° F.

Emily's Molded Fruit Salad

2 pkgs. of your favorite jello
Miscellaneous fruits

Prepare according to directions on package. Rinse a 2-quart bowl with cold water and coat with a little jello at the stage when it is just beginning to set. Arrange fruit in artistic pattern in this thin jello with a layer at bottom. Halved pears, maraschino cherries, and halved pineapple rings lend themselves well to this arrangement. Let set thoroughly. Then add rest of jello (at cool, syrupy stage) and 3 or 4 cups of diced canned or bottled fruit. Let chill thoroughly. It is best to let gelatine mixtures set over night.

Unmold on platter or tray. Slip lettuce around edges afterwards because it is easier to unmold with platter empty. Garnish with *fresh* fruit. Use *canned* fruit for mold but *fresh* fruit for garnish and let your artistry be your guide. Grapefruit segments, avacado slices, berries, and grapes are all good. Marinated pears, peaches, and bananas may be used. If not marinated, they will turn dark in air.

If you can get fresh pineapple, it makes a beautiful garnish. Be sure to keep the halves of the shell whole. Clean thoroughly, trim off the rough greenery at end, and slice through both skin and green. Cut out the fruit and slice in neat segments for garnish, leaving the shell hollowed with a tuft of leaves at the end. Use this shell at one end of your platter to hold salad dressing, either a thin cream mayonnaise or French made with fruit juice or a boiled fruit salad dressing. Ring the edge of the pineapple shell with halved maraschino cherries. This salad may also serve as dessert.

And remember that this is co-operative dining. Your husband helps. Maybe he can do much more than "hew wood and carry water." Perhaps he is a better cook than you are. Let him share the fun.

THE JOY OF DOING

Caroline Eyring Miner

I'm sorry for you, I confess,
Who never made a lovely dress;
Who never had the chance to spread
Your table with your own fresh bread.

Who never saw your kitchen shine,
Nor pinned white clothes upon the line;
Who never made the dishes gleam,
Nor froze a batch of rich ice cream.

How dull to have another do
Every single task for you;
To only get to eat the cake
Another had the joy to make.

Vanity Stool and Hamper

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A vanity stool and hamper combination is both decorative and useful. The process of assembling the materials, cutting the pattern, and finishing the design appeals to individual resourcefulness and creative ability.

To make the round combination stool and hamper illustrated here, the following materials are needed:

- 1½ yards of brocade or nylon taffeta upholstering material, 39 inches wide
- 1 batt, part wool
  (For opaque material, the reconditioned batts are cheap and resilient, but, being colored, they show through taffeta, and, for this material, a white batt is required.)
- 2 yards of unbleached muslin or two washed flour bags, large size
- 1 nail keg, 13 inches in diameter
- 1 plywood lid (15-inch circle)
- 2 yards of quilted rayon lining
- 3 yards of grosgrain ribbon

For the round hamper shown in the picture, I used a nail keg 13 inches in diameter and had the top cut off, using a power saw, leaving the keg 15½ inches tall. The inside I lined with heavy wallpaper as a guarantee against slivers, and the outside was given a coat of batting, twice the thickness of the opened bat. This was held in place by tacking unbleached muslin over it, so that fitting of the upholstery would not pull the batting loose.

Next, I cut strips of the unbleached muslin 17 inches wide and joined them to make a strip 42 inches long. This was the upholstery foundation and was worked flat. It was folded into sixteen equal parts (leaving an allowance for the final seam), pressed with a hot iron, and the folds marked with a pencil, as guides.

The brocade was cut next. These strips were 5 inches wider than the muslin and the two full widths of the material in length. Like the muslin, this material was folded into 16 equal parts, pressed, and marked with chalk.

Then the brocade was pinned on top of the muslin, crease to crease, chalk mark to pencil mark, with 3 inches extending above, and 2 inches below the width of the muslin. These were then basted into position and sewed on the machine, running the stitching the full width of the brocade as added strength and as guides for future pleating.

Strips of batting were cut 10 inches wide and 17 inches long and rolled into firm rolls. These were inserted into the loops formed between the brocade and the muslin.

The lining was cut 1 inch shorter than the depth of the keg, and, since the quilted rayon ran 39 inches wide, one width was enough. Next, I cut two strips of the lining material, the full 39 inches long and 20 inches wide, and joined them into one continuous strip. This strip I folded inside out, and lengthwise, and seamed it as for a belt. When it was turned right side out, the seam was tailored back. This made a firm edge for the top of the pockets.

The lining was folded into 8 equal parts, creased, and marked. The long double strip was treated in the same manner, pinned, and basted,

ROUND HAMPER SERVING AS A STOOL FOR THE DRESSING TABLE

Note the top of the hamper made of floral-patterned material, and the sides made of plain goods.

LAY-OUT FOR MAKING ROUND HAMPER

1. Foundation; 2. Lining for lid; 3. Hinge; 4. Upholstery; 5. Foundation padded; 6. Lid, showing the under side and the lifting tab; 7. Lining, before seaming; 8. Lining for the bottom circle.

and sewed on the machine, crease to crease, in the same manner as were the brocade and the muslin, while it lay flat. A final seam was allowed for and joined when the process was completed, making a circular set of pockets. The pockets were 1 inch from the bottom of the lining and 3 inches from the top. The loops are of a generous size, 5 inches of lining and 10 inches of fold, and will hold a pair of slippers or a roll of knitting or crocheting.

A circle of lining 13 inches in diameter was cut and joined to the pocketed lining at the bottom after the final seam.

To make a hinge, a piece of brocade was cut, interlined with firm cotton, seamed like a belt, reversed, and tailored. When finished it was 7 inches wide and 9 inches long, and was sewed to the upholstery on the sewing machine at a line directly over the padded curve at the back of the finished stool.

A deep pleat in the upholstery, taken at the right side of each padded loop, fitted the brocade to the lining. Both upholstery and lining were seamed and were cylindrical in form at this stage. The lining and upholstery were joined on the machine, face to face, and care was taken to insert the down flap of the hinge in the seam.

Then the lining was slipped inside the keg and the upholstery was eased down over the outside. A few well placed tacks held the lining and the top of the upholstery in place while the upholstery was stretched taut and tacked to the bottom of the keg, making pleats to correspond with those at the top. A piece of cardboard the size of the bottom of the keg was tacked over the whole, hiding all raw edges.

For the lid, heavy layers of batting were cut a little larger than the plywood and a circle of brocade, 18 inches in diameter, was fitted over all with care being taken to center the design. This was tacked on the reverse side.

Next, the hassock was laid on its side and the lid laid alongside, touching at a tangent. The hinge was nailed to the inner side of the lid. A small tab of brocade was made and attached to the lid in front to serve as a lifting handle. A circle of cardboard was cut 14 inches in diameter and one of lining material 17 inches in diameter was laid over the cardboard. A length of twine sewed in a running stitch around the lining circle and drawn tight on the reverse side of the cardboard made a lining for the lid. This was tacked over the hinge, tab, and raw edges for a neat finish.

The lid was supported by grosgrain ribbon of a color to match the

RECTANGULAR HAMPER

Note the attractiveness of the brocade covering and the handy pockets.

lining, being tacked on each side to the middle of the lid and to the middle of the keg. The tacks were hidden under tailored bows. Fancy cord could be used for the same purpose.

The round stool holds shoes and stockings and is used regularly as a vanity stool and has served, also, as an occasional chair.

The oblong hassock serves as an ottoman by my slip-covered chair, and holds shoes and fancy work which may be tucked away and taken out again in odd moments.

In the illustration the hinges in the rectangular hassock are visible on the outside. It would be better to insert them in the seam, or still better to use pin hinges of metal.

The Kidnaping

(*Continued from page 669*)

States all the keeds are like that.

"If you will pardon me, Senora—my English, eet ees bad." She smiled apologetically, and the children still listened with rapt attention. "I tell them that thees boy ees of no great wealth."

We looked at Danny's white overalls, bought in the *mercado* to resist the cement wash tray, and at his brown "meeky" shoes.

"I want them to know," her voice was sad now, "that such theengs as the health and speereets of thees child are possible some day to all in Mexico." Then she bowed quickly and said, "Con permiso."

Before I could say a word in appreciation, she was lost in the fast moving traffic. The children, too, broke away and let Danny ride past them.

He pedaled slowly so that I could walk by his side.

"In Mexico," he told me, the slightly fatuous grin still on his face, "everyone seems to like me."

DUSK ON THE BEACH

Melba S. Payne

I stood at dusk upon the sandy beach,
And watched the foamy whitecaps rise and fall,
While gray gulls dipped and brushed their wings on each,
Then soared into the blue, with mating call.
The sun splashed copper glints on waves that curled,
While, half immersed in ocean's greenish blue,
They slowly slipped into a swaying world,
And changed the colors all a darker hue.
And while I watched, my senses were replete
With ecstasies I had not felt before.
The fresh salt spray upon my face was sweet;
The full-tide mark was left upon the shore.
Reluctantly, I left this peaceful sight
Of ocean slowly fading into night.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

MAGAZINE PROMOTION WORK AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Hazel Jones

OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH), MAGAZINE SHIP

Magazine representatives, seated, left to right: Hannah Coon, Spencer Ward; Edna Hill, Granger First Ward; Myrtle Russon, Pleasant Green Ward; Hattie Woodbury, Granger Second Ward.

Standing, left to right: Izella Jeppson, Magna Ward; Agnes Yates, Hunter Ward; Hazel Jones, stake *Magazine* representative; Hazel Bertoch, Hercules Ward; Katie Cahoon, Garfield Ward.

Hazel Jones, reports that the stake "Magazine Ship" (1946) sailed into port with 103 subscriptions above the quota. For each subscription a gold star was added to the sails, making a total of 826 *Magazines*, some of which were sent to many parts of the United States and to several foreign countries, including Austria and England.

Photograph submitted by Ethel B. Andrew

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO), "MEASURING THE *MAGAZINE*"

Left to right: Mary Leavitt, Homedale Ward; Evelyn Roff, Nampa First Ward; Lucille Hennis, Nampa Second Ward; Oneta Burman, Marsing Branch; Stella Armstrong, Melba Ward; Hortense Jennison, Caldwell Ward; Ida Hatch, Kuna Ward.

Ethel B. Andrew, President, Nampa Stake Relief Society, reports that the goal of the 1946 drive in her stake was to place the *Magazine* in every Latter-day Saint home. Each ward Relief Society organization secured more than 100% subscriptions. The column at the left on the posters represents the percentage in 1945. The column on the right is the 1946 record; the top represents 100%. The small column at the extreme right represents the percentage above 100. The list of subscribers is printed on the right of the 1946 column, and gift subscriptions are shown by a gold star at the end of the name.

Photograph submitted by Kathryn Merrill

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 22, 1947

This group also furnished the music for the morning session of stake conference, May 25, 1947. Sister Bertha Brown is director and Verla Moss is the accompanist. The lovely singing of this chorus enhances many programs throughout the stake.

Photograph submitted by Reda R. Allen

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), RIVER HEIGHTS WARD BAZAAR
May 1947

Standing in front of one of the many beautiful exhibits are the officers of the River Heights Ward Relief Society, left to right: Secretary Anna O. Smith; First Counselor Annie Liechty; President Reda R. Allen; Second Counselor Ida Wood.

Photograph submitted by Verna F. Murphy

HAWAIIAN MISSION, WEST MAUI DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Left to right: President Rose Kaaa; Counselor Rebecca Mahi; Verna F. Murphy, former president, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society. At the back, extreme right, Harriet Teshima, Secretary-Treasurer, West Maui District Relief Society Board.

Photograph submitted by Fern Ladle

NORTH REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO), SALEM WARD SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM, March 2, 1947

Left to right: Ethellynn Shirley; Guinivere Taylor; Mildred Mortensen; Delpha Jensen; Lillie Archibald; Emma Wasden.

Fern Ladle, Secretary, North Rexburg Stake Relief Society, reports that the Salem Ward recently turned over $685.04 to the ward building fund. The Relief Society was able to obtain fifty steel chairs and a cabinet, also two sewing machines, one of them a new electric model. The Society also had a sewing table made. This ward was able to fill the Welfare assignment at the work and business meetings. Lucy Withers is president of the Salem Ward Relief Society, with Mabel Belnap and Thelma Hope as counselors and Anita Mortensen as Secretary-Treasurer.

Photograph submitted by Hattie S. Shurtz

ST. JOSPEH STAKE (ARIZONA), MIAMI WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING GROUP

Children seated front row, left to right: Glenda Wilson; Meredith Beutel; Jimmie Philip; Aileen Holyok; Martha K. Campbell.

Women seated, front row, left to right: Armilda Bodine; Phoebe Gardner; Laura Rose; Secretary Sabra Lunt; President Zorabelle Lee; First Counselor Pearl Campbell and baby Lois; Second Counselor Violet Allen; Burton Campbell; Hulda Layton; Sarah Rogers.

Second row standing left to right: Lottie Mack; Laura Fautz; Maud Valentine; Lorraine Bodine; Mabel Brown; Grace Spaulding; Fidelia Philip; Zetta Smith; Sara Hales; Mildred Beutel; Ella Sims; Hazel Layton.

Back row standing left to right: Sally Philip; Eleanor Holyok; Julia Wilson; Esther Riggs; Luella Brown; Sylvia Campbell, holding her baby William.

During the summer of 1946 this Relief Society made twenty-eight quilts. On July 23d a turkey dinner was served. At each regular work meeting during the summer, a birthday cake was served in honor of the sisters whose birthdays occurred in that month.

Hattie S. Shurtz is president of the St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Myrtle Altman

CALIFORNIA MISSION, OXNARD BRANCH ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 18, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Hazel Crawford; Viva Tanner; Nellie Fitzgerald; Emma Welte; Mary Hegna; Emma Martin; Melissia Camomile; Hattie Baker; Effa Smith; Margaret Jorgenson.

Second row standing, left to right: Marguerite Dykes; Jean Taylor; Pearl Jenkins; Jewel Fisher; Marguerite Harris; Fae Netzley; Ina Bushman; Thelva Bell; LaVonne Thomas; First Counselor Nina Eastwood; Second Counselor Cecile Richards; President Ivie Anderson; Secretary-Treasurer Myrtle Altman; Lenore Wignall; Josephine Bartlett; Jenny Jensen; Bernice Humphrey; Marjie Kortum; Norma Stevenson; Frances Bushman; Helen Pratt; Ruby Simpson.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Florence Ritsch

EASTERN STATES MISSION, SCRANTON (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH BAZAAR
April 12, 1947

The protograph shows only part of the extensive and beautiful bazaar which was prepared and conducted by the six active members of the Scranton Branch Relief Society. Several beautiful quilts, aprons, embroidered scarves, dolls, and other toys were also displayed. Sister Alberta O. Doxey, President of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society, in commenting on the activities of this small branch, says: "The enthusiasm and earnestness with which the members participate in an activity of this kind is gratifying. The articles made by these Relief Society sisters are of high quality. It should be added, of course, that the sisters were aided in the making of some of these articles by non-member friends." Sister Florence Ritsch is president of the Scranton Branch Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice C. Bishop

RIVERSIDE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), SIXTEENTH WARD, SEVEN PAST PRESIDENTS STILL SERVING RELIEF SOCIETY IN VARIOUS CAPACITIES, AND THE PRESENT PRESIDENT

Front row seated, left to right: Cornelia I. Bridge; Alice C. Bishop, the present president; Janet Purdy.

Back row standing, left to right: Blanche T. Tew; Clara B. Wright; Signe Dickman; Susie R. Earnshaw; Vera S. Bult.

Photograph submitted by Nancy Sellers

FLORIDA STAKE, FIRST MUSICAL PERFORMANCE BY RELIEF SOCIETY CHORUS

Jacksonville Chapel, July 11, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Ida Starling, work group leader; Marie Shuman, Second Counselor; Josephine Jenkins, President; Minnie Dills, First Counselor; Ollie McAvery, Secretary; Nancy Sellers, chorister; Adeline Chase, organist.

The Florida Stake was organized in January 1947, the 163d stake in the Church. In July there were seventy-five members in the stake Relief Society chorus, with an expectation of one hundred members for the September conference. The black and white costumes worn by the women are very attractive and lend distinction to the appearance of the chorus.

NORTH REXBURG STAKE, NEWDALE WARD (SUGAR, IDAHO) ATTENDANCE CONTEST

Anita Schwendiman reports an interesting contest recently held in her ward. "Two years ago we were very discouraged about our attendance, sometimes having as low as six or seven ladies present, mostly grandmothers. Our executive officers consist of two grandmothers and two mothers, so we challenged each other to a contest which was to finish with a good party for the winners, given by the losers. Last year the grandmothers won. It was great fun and the party they gave was lovely. This year the contest has been very close. Monday evenings and Tuesday mornings the sisters would go rushing about inviting friends and neighbors to attend the meetings. Cars were sent to bring the grandmothers to meetings. The contest ended with the mothers winning by one point. The winners were given a fine pioneer party and prizes of potted plants were presented to the oldest member, the youngest member, the mother with the best attendance record, the grandmother with the best record, the member enrolled longest in Relief Society, and others. Our average attendance has increased from ten in 1945 to twenty-six in 1947."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 4—"Gabriel's Annunciation of John and Jesus"
"The Babe of Bethlehem"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapters 7 and 8, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, January 6, 1948

Objective: To show that the coming of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ was announced by an angel sent from God; and that their births fulfilled great promises by angels and prophets.

THE circumstances surrounding the birth of our Lord are hallowed by heavenly manifestations. One who believes is always inspired and lifted up by the story that "never grows old."

There was a very close relationship between the coming of Jesus, the Savior, and the birth of John the Baptist about six months before. The latter was a great prophet, whose mission was closely identified with the beginning of the work of the Redeemer.

Zacharias was a priest of the Aaronic order, who officiated in the temple. His wife Elisabeth was also a descendant of Aaron. It had been a source of deep regret to this couple that they were childless, and they were well stricken in years. On an important day to the Jews, it had fallen to the lot of Zacharias to officiate during one of the most sacred ceremonies of the temple. He was separated from the Holy of Holies by the veil of the temple. At the supreme moment of his sacred service, an angel of the Lord appeared to the astonished priest. So far as we know, this was the first appearance of a heavenly messenger to a Jew in many generations. No doubt, they had grown to believe, as most Christians now believe, that such things were of the past and did not occur.

The messenger announced that he was Gabriel, an angel who stood in the presence of God; that he, Gabriel, had come to apprise Zacharias that his wife Elisabeth would bear him a son; that the child to be born would be a great blessing to the people; and that he would be great in the sight of the Lord. He was to be reared a clean young man, and guarded against the use of strong drink. (The writer asks indulgence to digress long enough to urge the sisters of the Relief Society to study the first chapter of Daniel. You will get the reason for this injunction to the parents of John the Baptist. It will be an excellent opportunity to emphasize the relationship between

a clean body and a calling in the service of the Master.)

The promise to the priest and his aged wife seemed impossible, and he asked the angel how it could be. Because of his doubt, Zacharias was stricken dumb until the promise was fulfilled. He remained dumb until the day that John was named at the time he was circumcised, at which time, also, there was a great manifestation of the gift and power of the Holy Ghost (Luke 1:57-80). There was no greater prophet in Israel than John the Baptist.

About three months before John the Baptist was born, the angel Gabriel was sent, also, to a devout young woman living at Nazareth, in Galilee. This young woman was of the royal lineage of David, and her name was Mary. She was unmarried, but was betrothed to Joseph, who was also a descendant of David, Israel's greatly revered former king. The angel's message to Mary was, perhaps, the most beautiful that had yet fallen on women's ears: " . . . . Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women" (Luke 1:28).

It is reasonable to believe that all of the faithful daughters of Israel looked forward with joy to the time when the Messiah would come. They knew that some pure Jewish maiden would be his mother. Surely, no greater honor or blessing could come to a woman.

The angel told Mary that she would conceive in her womb and bring forth a child and should call his name Jesus (Luke 1:30-33). That he should "be called the Son of the

A Perry Picture

JESUS AND JOHN

From a Painting by Guido Reni (1575-1642)

Highest . . . . and of his kingdom there shall be no end." To her inquiry as to how it could be, seeing that she was a virgin, the angel explained:

> The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God (Luke 1:35).

This humble and pure girl replied:

> Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word . . . (Luke 1:38).

The joy that came to Mary with the knowledge that she was to be the mother of "the Only Begotten" Son of Elohim, the Eternal Father, in the flesh, was also accompanied by some natural misgivings. Mary had visited her cousin Elisabeth in Judea and had, no doubt, received strength and assurance when informed of the approaching birth of the latter's child. The Holy Ghost prompted Elisabeth to say to Mary:

> Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? (Luke 1:42-43). (Read also Luke 1:46-55).

When Mary returned from her visit to Elisabeth "she was found with child." Joseph, a just and good man, was much troubled when:

> . . . . behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost (Matt. 1:20).

Joseph's joy was great. He was of royal descent, and he knew now that there would be no shadow cast upon his family status. The angel's greeting: "Joseph thou son of David," is very significant. Joseph immediately married Mary, " . . . . and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus" (Matt. 1:25). The Son of David born to Mary was, in reality, the King Emmanuel, the Redeemer of the world.

The Babe of Bethlehem

The prophets not only foresaw the birth of the Messiah, but they also fixed the place of his birth at Bethlehem, a small village in Judea. Both Mary and Joseph lived in Nazareth, a considerable distance from Bethlehem.

We must bear in mind that the Jews were subjects of the Roman Empire, and that Herod was only a dependent king, an appointee of the Emperor. A decree had been issued by Augustus, the Roman Emperor, that all of the Jewish people must be enrolled for the purpose of taxation. In obedience to the requirements of this decree, Mary and Joseph went to Bethlehem, their city, and the city where David, their royal ancestor, spent much of his early life. No doubt, Herod arranged all the details of the census, and for the collection of the taxes. It was while on this trip that one of the earth's greatest events took place.

Our Lord was born amidst humble surroundings. He was born during a "camping out" trip, but, probably, considering the customs of the day, not in such abject poverty as is sometimes pictured. Nevertheless, it is marvelous that Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten in the flesh of the

Eternal Father, was cradled in a manger. Later, it was said that he descended below all things that he might rise above all things.

There is nothing more beautiful and thrilling in all literature than the description found in Luke 2:8-14 of the birth of the Master. It would be well for all to memorize those verses. No wonder a heavenly choir was sent. If that same angelic choir could again sing of a time when, in reality, there would be universal peace and "good will toward men," it would be the sweetest music of all the ages. Well might it be said, "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart" (Luke 2:19).

Joseph and Mary, both being Jews, strictly obeyed the Jewish laws and its requirements. It was required that every mother remain in retirement for forty days. Joseph became the legal father of Jesus. In accordance with requirements, Jesus was taken to the temple by his parents and all ceremonials strictly observed. Simeon, one of the few Israelites who had remained true to God and who had been promised by the Holy Ghost that he would not die until he had seen the Christ, was in the temple when the baby Jesus was presented. By the same spirit, Simeon recognized the Child and, lifting him up, said: "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke 2:29-30).

It is but natural that rumors of all these wonderful happenings should finally reach the ears of Herod. He was disturbed. He was not a Jew. He was a bitterly hated Edomite, one of the posterity of Esau, who had pretended to be converted to Judaism.

Herod summoned the wise men and the scribes and chief priests to ascertain where Christ should be born. He was told that the birth would be at Bethlehem. He directed the wise men to find the Babe and, as soon as he was found, to bring word to the king, "that I may come and worship him also." These wise men found Mary and Joseph and immediately recognized the Royal Child. However, as soon as they had given him costly presents, they did not return to Jerusalem. "And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way" (Matt. 2:12).

Joseph was directed by an angel to take the young Child into Egypt and remain there until directed by the same personage to return. He was obedient to this command and thereby escaped the terrible massacre of all children in Bethlehem "from two years old and under."

All of the worthwhile events surrounding the birth of Jesus were made known to the Nephites on the Western Hemisphere. The Lord kept the faithful advised of developments.

Because of our imperfect chronological records, it has been very difficult to fix the exact date of the Messiah's birth. We have good evidence that it was not December 25, but April 6 (D. & C. 20:1). Certainly, the events surrounding his birth would indicate springtime rather than winter when there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Tell the story of the birth of John the Baptist (Luke 1).
2. What were the outstanding events connected with the birth of Jesus Christ? No more beautiful account has ever been written than the one found in Luke 2:8-14.
3. Relate the incidents of the early life of the Savior until he went to live in Nazareth.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 4—Social Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, January 6, 1948

Objective: To recall the genuine and friendly social activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate those of the present.

A much-heralded feature of the Church is the friendliness and sociability that exist among the people. In this respect the Church resembles a large, closely knit, united family which is held together by love, sympathy, common interests, and mutual understanding. This friendliness and brotherhood date back to the time of the organization of the Church, when the small group of Latter-day Saints rejoiced together in their new-found faith and fellowship.

Other factors which have contributed to friendliness and comradeship were the trials and persecutions through which they all passed at the hands of their enemies; their long and tedious journeys across the plains with the attendant hazards; their arduous task of building a kingdom in the wilderness, a task which required not only courage, but united faith and prayers, close co-operation, and loving service. Then, there was the close communal life resulting from the organization of Church members into small, democratic local units—wards and branches—where the members all became acquainted with one another and worked and associated together, both inside the Church buildings and in all the activities of the neighborhood.

But, most important of all in creating friendliness and brotherhood, has been the spirit of the gospel, which teaches love of God, and love of neighbor, forgiveness, and the Golden Rule, and which transforms strangers into friends.

As we look in retrospect at the early pioneer communities, we find interesting, wholesome social activities, such as house-warmings in the modest, unpretentious homes, home parties, family and Church dinners, dances, often with intermission for basket or home suppers, picnics in the open, corn huskings, fruit cuttings, quilting bees, band concerts, serenading, excellent dramatic per-

ormances, carefully prepared and xecuted by the home dramatic lubs, celebrations on July Fourth nd Twenty-fourth, with interesting rograms, and unique and colorful treet parades. The parades featured, among other things, traders, rappers, pioneers, Mormon Battalon boys, Indians, and historic epiodes; also, they displayed interesting ostumes worn by natives of foreign ountries.

When basket suppers were served, he gentlemen drew the baskets by umber, and then ate the supper vith the ladies whose baskets they ad drawn. Often, suppers were artaken of in the various homes luring the dance intermission, the ouples returning later to resume the lancing.

The successful, early-day social activities of the pioneers are not to be wondered at, as there was much and varied talent in the local communities, which were made up of people with interesting backgrounds from a number of different foreign countries, as well as from many states in the Union.

In an interesting social survey of one of our Utah towns, with a population of 806, made in 1932 by Dr. Joseph A. Geddes, it was found that the people living there were descended from the following nationalities: English, Danish, Irish, Scotch, Swiss, Italian, Dutch, Norwegian, German, Welsh, and Swedish.

Suggestions for Discussion

Let some of the teachers tell of their early-day favorite recreation and pastimes, also, those of their parents before them.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Altering the Pattern to Suit the Figure Type

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, December 9, 1947

SINCE all patterns are drafted and cut to fit figures that are more r less ideally proportioned, it is freuently difficult for the home dressnaker to cut her dress from a comnercial pattern and have the proper it. Very few women are as symnetrical as the patterns from which hey wish to make their clothes. It s impossible to have patterns for very figure type. They can only be nade to fit an average of all figures. As few women are trained to draft heir own patterns, we are faced with the problem of altering and adjusting commercial patterns to fit individual figure types.

Most patterns are sold according to bust measure, so that if a woman measures 36 inches bust, she would expect to buy a 36 pattern. However, this is not always a good rule to follow since, quite frequently, the bust measurement is out of line with all her other measurements. In such cases it is well to buy the pattern according to the rest of the figure, and make adjustment for the bust. A

woman who is overly full in the bust will have great difficulty fitting the shoulders and sleeves of her dress if she buys a pattern large enough to fit her in the bust line, when she is, generally, full of figure. The same difficulty will arise from buying a pattern to fit overly small busts.

The adjustment in a pattern for hips that are out of line in size is much easier to make since there are fewer lines to be altered.

After you have decided on the size of pattern that is best for you, find out where you need to make adjustments. To do this compare your own measurements with those on the pattern envelope and then actually try on the pattern. If there is more alteration necessary than can be made in the seams, you will need to cut your pattern and actually enlarge or decrease it in some sections. The pattern itself will give general rules for altering each main pattern section, but these are not specific for all needed changes. For instance, a woman who is short but full-figured will not need the extra underarm length allowed by cutting the full length of the blouse pattern and adding extra width all the way. She may want a short underarm and a long center front line, or a narrow shoulder and a wide front across the bust.

These adjustments can all be made by cutting the pattern at the place to be altered and spreading it to add extra fullness or taking a fold in it to make it smaller. All of these alterations in the pattern must be made before cutting. They can and should be made on each and every piece of the pattern that does not fit the individual figure.

Measure yourself carefully and measure the pattern. Then before cutting at all, change the pattern pieces that are wrong for you. After one pattern has been altered to properly fit your figure, it can be used as a basis or foundation on which to work in future sewing.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 4—Epistles of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, January 20, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the letters of the Prophet to the saints and the word of the Lord to the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri.

THE Prophet Joseph Smith wrote many epistles during the closing years of his earthly ministry while he was in and about Missouri and Nauvoo, Illinois. His persecutions had become so great that he was constantly sought by the law. He would be taken for no just cause and forced to spend some time in prison. Here, under the most trying conditions, he sought and found his Maker. Then, in the true spirit of a prophet, he poured forth his heart in love and understanding. This was

done by means of his pen. How often, either in jail or in hiding from his enemies, did he write to the saints is not exactly known. However, there are recorded for our edification and instruction many beautiful, inspired passages of his work as sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. It is to these writings that we would now address our thinking.

There is something about a letter considered from a literary point of view that is different from an expression of thought delivered in person. A servant of the Lord may with fervor hold a listener as he relates a principle of the gospel. The tone of his voice, the intense look in his eye, the turn of his head, the gesture of his arm, all will add to his message—even compensate for any lack of literary excellence. Have you not sometimes been impressed by the fiery words of a speaker only to learn, later, when you read what he has said, that in print much of the force of his address has gone? It is true that in writing one must substitute form for personality. By this we mean, in part, the literary qualities about which we have been talking in these lessons. The *economy of words*, the *choice of words*, the *effective use of words in sentence patterns*—all must take the place of the personal power that holds a listener in platform delivery.

In the main, the epistles to the saints found in the Doctrine and Covenants are prose in style. There are places where a lyric quality breaks through and the reader is made to feel the song of praise in the writer's heart.

One such type of writing is to be found in the 122 section of the Doctrine and Covenants, in the word of the Lord to Joseph Smith the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri. Here the Lord speaks to the troubled heart of the Prophet with comforting assurance, and he feels in his inner soul the earthly sorrow through which he must pass even unto death. The Lord gives solace, then, by helping him to understand that the greatest blessings come to one who endures all to the end, even as the Savior did. Note the beauty of this writing:

> The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee; while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand. And thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors. And although their influence shall cast thee into trouble, and into bars and walls, thou shalt be had in honor; and but for a small moment and thy voice shall be more terrible in the midst of thine enemies than the fierce lion, because of thy righteousness; and thy God shall stand by thee forever and ever. If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art in perils among robbers; if thou art in perils by land or by sea; if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters; and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife, and of thine offspring, and thine elder son, although but six years of age, shall cling to thy garments, and shall say, My father, my father, why can't you stay with us? O, my father, what are the men going to do with you? and if then he shall be thrust from thee by the sword, and thou be dragged to prison, and thine enemies prowl around thee like wolves for the blood of the lamb; and if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon

thee; if thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The Son of Man hath descended below them all. Art thou greater than he? Therefore, hold on thy way, and the priesthood shall remain with thee; for their bounds are set, they cannot pass. Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and ever (122).

The characteristic love which the Prophet had for his friends is to be found in the 123 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. This inspired epistle was written in the same month of March and in the same year, 1839, as was section 122. The subject to which he addressed himself was the "Duty of the Saints in relation to their persecutors."

He tells his followers that they must be diligent in keeping records of the names and deeds of those who have wronged them, which can be used as a witness against the evil doers. Even as he writes, there is a spirit of love for those who strike at him and his cause. He lashes out in figurative language against the sin, not the sinner, in such phrases as "the combinations of darkness," the "iron yoke," "the very handcuffs, and chains and shackles, and fetters of hell." His words would stamp out iniquity with cutting sharpness, in writing at least, since he was denied, in person, denunciation of these wrongs. He concludes:

Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, let us cheerfully do all things that lie in our power; and then may we stand still, with the utmost assurance, to see the salvation of God, and for his arm to be revealed (123:17).

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

In this lesson the class might well assume the role of a group of saints who lived in the troublesome days of Nauvoo. In such an imaginative thought, one may come close to hearing the Prophet actually speak. Such is the effect of having some good reader of the group read aloud an epistle from Joseph Smith. Use the 127 and 128 sections of the Doctrine and Covenants in this way. For example, in the following selection:

As I stated to you in my letter before I left my place, that I would write to you from time to time and give you information in relation to many subjects, I now resume the subject of the baptism for the dead, as that subject seems to occupy my mind, and press itself upon my feelings the strongest, since I have been pursued by my enemies. I wrote a few words of revelation to you concerning a recorder. I have had a few additional views in relation to this matter, which I now certify. That is, it was declared in my former letter that there should be a recorder, who should be eye-witness, and also to hear with his ears, that he might make a record of a truth before the Lord. Now, in relation to this matter, it would be very difficult for one recorder to be present at all times, and to do all the business. To obviate this difficulty, there can be a recorder appointed in each ward of the city, who is well qualified for taking accurate minutes; and let him be very particular and precise in taking the whole proceedings, certifying in his record that he saw with his eyes, and heard with his ears, giving the date, and names, and so forth, and the history of the whole transaction; naming also some three individuals that are present, if there be any present, who can at any time when called upon certify to the same, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. Then, let there be a general recorder, to whom these other

records can be handed, being attended with certificates over their own signatures, certifying that the record they have made is true. Then the general church recorder can enter the record on the general church book, with the certificates and all the attending witnesses, with his own statement that he verily believes the above statement and records to be true, from his knowledge of the general character and appointment of those men by the church. And when this is done on the general church book, the record shall be just as holy, and shall answer the ordinance just the same as if he had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears, and made a record of the same on the general Church book.

You may think this order of things to be very particular; but let me tell you that it is only to answer the will of God, by conforming to the ordinance and preparation that the Lord ordained and prepared before the foundation of the world, for the salvation of the dead who should die without a knowledge of the gospel. And further, I want you to remember that John the Revelator was contemplating this very subject in relation to the dead, when he declared, as you will find recorded in Revelation 20:12,—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." You will discover in this quotation that the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; but the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; consequently, the books spoken of must be the books which contained the record of their works, and refer to the records which are kept on the earth. And the book which was the book of life is the record which is kept in heaven; the principle agreeing precisely with the doctrine which is commanded you in the revelation contained in the letter which I wrote to you previous to my leaving my place—that in all your recordings it may be recorded in heaven.

Now, the nature of this ordinance consists in the power of the priesthood, by the revelation of Jesus Christ, wherein it is granted that whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Or, in other words, taking a different view of the translation, whatsoever you record on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and whatsoever you do not record on earth shall not be recorded in heaven; for out of the books shall your dead be judged, according to their own works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in their own propria persona, or by the means of their own agents, according to the ordinance which God has prepared for their salvation from before the foundation of the world, according to the records which they have kept concerning their dead. It may seem to some to be a very bold doctrine that we talk of—a power which records or binds on earth and binds in heaven. Nevertheless, in all ages of the world, whenever the Lord has given a dispensation of the priesthood to any man by actual revelation, or any set of men, this power has always been given. Hence, whatsoever those men did in authority, in the name of the Lord, and did it truly and faithfully, and kept a proper and faithful record of the same, it became a law on earth and in heaven, and could not be annulled, according to the decrees of the great Jehovah. This is a faithful saying. Who can hear it? And again, for the precedent, Matthew 16:18, 19: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven (128:1-10).

Pause long enough to gather the full meaning of the Prophet's words. Invite class discussion of the same. Note the manner in which the points of doctrine are made clear through the principles of good writing as we have come to know them. Enjoy this ever present opportunity of meeting Joseph Smith firsthand through the means of the literary epistle.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 3—Chastity

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 27, 1948

Objective: To show the necessity of living a chaste life, and to give suggestions for proper training in the home which will fortify members of the family to lead such a life.

Of How Great Importance Is Chastity?

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are (I Cor. 3:16, 17).

IN many other quotations the sanctity of the body is stressed. We know that to receive a mortal body is a great privilege and blessing, for without that body we cannot progress. We also know that we are to have our bodies with us throughout eternity. What then could be more important than keeping them free from pollution?

It has been recognized that the lessening of religious belief and the decay of family life develop simultaneously. The strength of any civilization is in direct relation to the stability of its individual homes. And the strength of the home lies, in a great measure, in its fidelity and morality.

Sodom and Gomorrah were ripened in iniquity and were destroyed by fire from heaven because of sensual wickedness.

The grandeur of ancient Greece, the majesty of Rome, once the proud rulers of the world, have disappeared; and the verdict of history specifies the prevalence of sensual immorality as among the chief of the destructive agencies by which the fall of those mighty peoples was effected.

Is our modern nation to bring upon itself the doom of destructive depravity? The forces of disintegration are at work throughout the land, and they operate as insidiously as does the virus of deadly contagion (JAMES E. TALMAGE: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 219).

During the last half century, standards of sanitation and health have improved tremendously. Today, we demand that the water supply be pure, that milk be pasteurized, that foods on the market be inspected for their purity through enactment of the pure food laws. We want only the choice, the genuine, in our diet. How much more should we desire the choice, the genuine in purity of mind and body? And how much greater is the need for the prevention of "soul erosion," for the preservation of chastity. Education in purity of life has not received the attention which has been accorded many far less important matters.

As Latter-day Saints, we regard marriage as fundamental to the greatest devolopment and exaltation for man and woman. But, on the other hand, perversion or abuse pertaining to marriage is one of the most grievous sins.

In the scriptures we are told that man is not without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord, indicating that the two comprise one whole or a unit in

his sight. And in more modern scripture we read: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). Combining the above thoughts, we understand that our chief concern in mortality is to prove ourselves worthy to help our Heavenly Father in furthering his work so that man might be, and that man might have joy. The question may be asked, what does chastity have to do with all this? Simply this: that chastity keeps the fountain of life pure and clean so that through proper lineage children may be begotten, that the spirit children of our Father may have fit tabernacles in which to dwell when they are sent to this earth.

What Are the Physical Effects of Unchastity?

In *The Improvement Era* of March 1946, in an article entitled "The War We Haven't Won," by Robert Reese Dansie, we read:

It has become popular with some to ridicule religion, morals, or whatever one may choose to call a plan for righteous living. They consider it an impracticable theory. They withdraw behind a screen of rationalization and say there is no retribution during this life, except by man's law, and, since God's law, according to them, is ineffective in dealing out punishment for violations, they'll take their chances with the life to come—if there is one.

But such people have not considered the facts. In support of this statement let us look at but one problem in the field of health, venereal disease.

From Pearl Harbor to February 7, 1944, the Germans and the Japanese killed 36,000 Americans. Syphilis killed 33,000 Americans at home during the same period. In those twenty-six months, 45,545 Americans were wounded by enemy action—but somewhere between twenty and forty times as many Americans, from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 were attacked—wounded—by venereal diseases. For every man the enemy put out of action, venereal disease put out three.

Over six million people in the U. S. have syphilis or gonorrhea. They are more prevalent than any communicable disease except the common cold. Syphilis causes over ten per cent of all blindness and insanity, ten to twelve per cent of all deaths from heart trouble. Countless thousands of broken homes, damaged lives, and heartbreaks follow in the wake of these enemies of mankind. . . . These diseases strike mainly at the young. Over one half of the infections are in young people under twenty-five years of age.

* * * *

No more loathsome cancer disfigures the body and soul of society today than the frightful affliction of sexual sin. It vitiates the very fountains of life and bequeaths its foul effects to the yet unborn as a legacy of death (James E. Talmage: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 217).

President Joseph F. Smith said:

. . . . The immortal spirits that come to earth to tabernacle in bodies of flesh have the right to be wellborn, through parents who are free from the contamination of sexual vice.

Like many bodily diseases sexual crime drags with itself a train of other ills. As the physical effects of drunkenness entail the deterioration of tissue, and disturbance of vital functions . . . so does unchastity expose the soul to divers spiritual maladies, and rob it of both resistance and recuperative ability. . . .

We hold that sexual sin is second only to the shedding of innocent blood in the category of personal crimes (President Joseph F. Smith: *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 387, 388).

There is nothing more disappointing than to see a lovely face and figure but to learn that the beauty is only skin deep—that bad habits and

evil practices have marred that outward form of loveliness.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life (Proverbs 31:10-12).

What Is the Single Standard of Morality?

One distinctive Latter-day Saint tenet is our belief in and acceptance of what is called the single standard of morality. By single standards we mean that the same degree of purity and chastity is expected of men as of women. Men are just as accountable as women for their moral conduct and the same standard applies to both. Our boys are taught to observe the same purity of life as are our girls.

What Benefits Are to Be Derived From Living a Chaste Life?

The benefits are mental, physical, and spiritual—a peace of mind, a clear conscience, a sense of well-being and contentment in the knowledge that one has brought no dishonor to himself, his family, nor to any other; a personal satisfaction at having gained the power to resist the temptation of the flesh. A chaste life insures one against the physical suffering of social disease and keeps the life stream pure for the children that may follow marriage. It gives one a knowledge that he has obeyed one of the cardinal commands of God and that by so doing he will be, provided he is obedient to other commands also, heir to the highest glory in store for human beings, that of the celestial kingdom. Are not these benefits worth any price?

How May We Teach Our Children to Be Strictly Virtuous in Their Lives?

There are many things which will contribute to this important part of a child's education.

First, the atmosphere of the home should assure children that marriage is a sacred institution, that happiness is there, and that love and consideration exist between father and mother.

As the children grow up, attention should be called to the fact that mothers and sisters are protected by the men of the family. When boys are old enough, they should be taught to feel it their responsibility, along with the father's, to accompany or call for mother or sister when they are going out at night alone.

Most children will ask questions relative to sex, and that is the psychological and most natural time for parents to discuss such matters with them. But if a child never asks these questions, do not assume he has never wondered about such things, but realize that more than likely he is getting the answers from someone else other than his parents.

A feeling of trust and confidence should be cultivated between parents and children so that children will feel free to go to parents with questions and problems and receive sympathetic consideration.

Companions have a great influence on the ideas and conduct of young people, especially during adolescence. Parents can do much to suggest or encourage certain friends and wholesome activities. There should be games available and facilities for favorite sports at home. Children and their friends should feel

free and welcome to spend all the time they wish in their home and should be encouraged to do so. Special effort should be put forth by parents to provide refreshments for young people who assemble in the home. The little expense and work entailed will prove to be very much worthwhile.

Adolescents should be instructed carefully and repeatedly regarding the grave dangers of permitting improper liberties and of being out alone with a partner until late hours. A boy should be taught to honor womanhood and to guard a woman's virtue with his life. A girl should be given to understand that the way in which a boy treats her depends upon her—that most boys will respect a girl's ideals, and that she is the stronger of the two in resisting temptation. Quoting from an article published sometime ago in *The Reader's Digest*, entitled "Does Your Daughter Think She's in Love?":

> The right thing is to use your intelligence to check, before they get a good start, the emotions that might lead to trouble. Never hesitate to put a stop to a situation that is going too far. Never consent to do something against your better judgment to please an escort. You run that department as you feel it should be run. The kind of man you'll want to tie to some day for life will thank you for it. And there's nothing but heartache in getting mixed up with the other kind.

President J. Reuben Clark gave some very timely advice (to girls and women) at a stake conference meeting recently. He referred to the matter of women's dress and especially to the way in which they outfit themselves at the beaches and other places of amusement. He said, in effect, that man is only human and

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has human emotions, that he is not made of iron, and that no girl has a right to tempt him beyond his power to resist by the way she exposes herself or by any other enticement. Modesty is still a virtue, and a girl is largely responsible for the conduct of her male companion by the allurements she displays and the conduct she exhibits in his presence.

President Grant, in his book *Gospel Standards*, page 55, has this to say of the influence of tobacco and liquor upon one's virtue:

> I want it understood—that the use of liquor and tobacco is one of the chief means in the hands of the adversary whereby he is enabled to lead boys and girls from virtue.
>
> Nearly always those who lose their virtue, first partake of those things that excite passions within them or lower their resistance and becloud their minds.

Parents should explain to boys and girls that virtue is one of the requirements for entering the temple and that marriage in the house of the Lord should be the culmination of courtship. They should be taught also that it is very important to think pure thoughts because back of every evil act is an evil thought. Thoughts are father to the deed. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he:" (Proverbs 23:7).

Many, many temptations and suggestions of evil beset young people on every hand today through cheap magazines, current books of fiction, motion pictures, etc. Earnest parents realize that the greatest safeguard comes from proper training in the home. The right kind of periodicals and books should be left lying around within easy reach of young people. A very successful way to create a desire for good literature is

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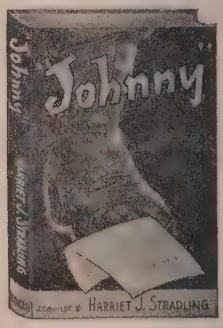

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to introduce the habit of reading aloud from good books in the family when the children are small. In this way they acquire a taste for that which is best. Suggestive stories, off-color jokes, have no place in the home, and children should be instructed not to listen to them outside the home. Wholesome recreation is the best outlet for the emotions. Skating, horseback riding, dancing, swimming, tennis, baseball, or other similar sports should be encouraged and planned for.

Young people should be urged to avail themselves of good courses on marriage and courtship, matriology, and child psychology. In our universities today young people clamor for such instruction. Long waiting lists attest the fact that they are eager to prepare themselves for the important responsibilities of life.

Our religion is a great checkrein to temptation. It gives us a long-range program of life and shows us that committing certain evils retards our progression and will keep us out of the celestial kingdom. It gives us spiritual food from which we derive strength to combat the temptations of everyday life and an assurance that the price of obedience is cheap for the reward we ultimately gain.

Parents should be ever on guard to let nothing attack the citadel of chastity. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Additional Reference

DR. HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN: "Problems of Personal Conduct," particularly that portion under sub-heading "Unchastity," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1945, pp. 509, 510.

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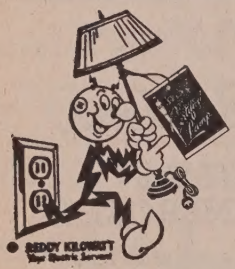

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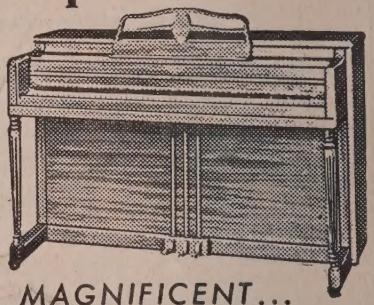

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